

The Improvement

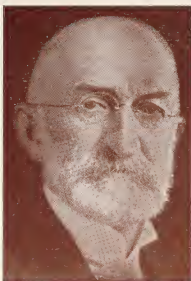
ERA



SEPTEMBER, 1935

Volume 38 Number 9

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT
Editor



DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
Editor



HARRISON R. HERRILL
Associate Editor

Note: Elsie Talmage Brandley has been Associate Editor for several years. Her death occurred recently.

With President Heber J. Grant as Chief Editor and Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of Twelve recently assigned to the Active Editorial direction of our magazine

The Improvement Era Now Becomes More Than Ever The Voice of The Church

To the Stakes of Zion from New York to Hawaii, to the Missions in the most distant parts of the earth, the Gospel message is to be carried each month by this splendid missionary magazine.

Read This Statement of

The New Editorial Policy of the Improvement Era

Prepared by the Editorial Staff

Specific Purpose of The Improvement Era

There are already several excellent American family magazines in circulation. There can be no good reason for adding another to an already cluttered market, unless it has a specific purpose or message for its readers. In the case of the *Era*, this purpose must be the purpose of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Department of Education, and the Music Committee—the strengthening of the faith of the members in the restored Church of Christ, and the promulgation among all readers of the truths and principles of the Gospel. Somehow, this purpose must actuate all labor in behalf of the *Era*, though it must be used with skill, and made inviting to the readers. The *Era* must, of course, also serve as the official means of communication between the members and the organizations that it represents.

General Editorial Policy of The Era

In conformity with the general objective and specific purpose of the *Era*, the following editorial policy, as to contents, is proposed. The attempt will be made to have, in every issue of the *Era*, articles representing each of the six divisions suggested in the subjoined outline.

- A. The Voice of the Church.
 1. Editorials on church subjects.
 2. Articles on church subjects. (Including Church History.)
 3. Departmental messages.
 - a. Priesthood (both Priesthoods and their activities under one general heading).

- b. Mutual Improvement Association. (all departments under one general heading)
- c. L. D. S. Department of Education
- d. The Music Committee.

B. Interpreting World Movements. ("Gospel and Current History")

1. Governmental.
2. Economic.
3. Social.
4. Religious.

C. Applying the Gospel to Human Life.

1. Personal.
2. Social or group.
3. Historical.

D. Keeping Abreast of Current Knowledge, in

1. Social-Economic fields.
2. Scientific fields.
3. Religious fields.
4. Review of scientific progress (brief notes).

E. Supplying the Need for Creative Art.

1. Fiction (stories).
2. Poetry.
3. Pictorial art.
4. Review of current literature and art. (Very brief reviews.)

F. Miscellaneous (departments).

1. Current Church news.
2. World news (of church importance).
3. Questions and answers (religious and social problems of young and old).
4. Who's who in the Church.
5. Other items that may develop later.

Note the wealth of new features and ideas added to present excellence of our magazine

The new editorial policy becomes effective with the October issue—new type, new style, new departments, new features. The *Era* takes it's greatest strides forward.

Every Latter-day Saint Home Will NEED The Era



Photo by Hales.
SIGNS OF AUTUMN

Heber J. Grant
John A. Widtsoe
Editors
Harrison R. Merrill,
Associate Editor.

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums,
Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

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The Cover

THE photograph used on the cover this month was taken by Dr. Wayne B. Hales, who teaches a course in photography at Brigham Young University. It indicates that our fields, just now, are filled with pictures that rival the best artists ever painted. Photographers, however, if they are to preserve the beauty that surrounds them, must also study form and light and shade and also the camera which is to take the picture. We waste much in snap-shots, for snap-shots are frequently just snap-shots.

The Improvement Era

Volume 38

SEPTEMBER, 1935

Number 9

EDITORIALS

Elsie Talmage Brandley—Editor and Friend H. R. M. 560

ARTICLES

The Outpost in Mid-Pacific	President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.	530
In Memory of President A. W. Ivins		539
Sons! Fathers! And Thirty Minutes a Day	Earl J. Glade	540
Moroni Lives Again	Roscoe A. Grover	542
Dedicatory Prayer	President Heber J. Grant	544
A Vacant Lot at the Crossroads	P. V. Cardon	546
Utaqua	M. Elmer Christensen	550
The Fishermen's Friend	S. H. Cooke	552
An Intimate View of the New York Stock Exchange	Miles Burgess	554
Elsie Talmage Brandley	Clarissa A. Beesley	558
The Challenge of Charm—"As We View Men"	Katie C. Jensen	562
Thirty Thousand Miles for a Bird's Nest	James Montagnes	564
The Value of Careful Planning	A. E. Bowen	570

FICTION

A Silver Girdle (A Serial)	Claire W. Noall	536
The Red Coat	Margaret Miner Healy	548

POETRY

Elsie Has Passed Away	Ruth May Fox	535
Little House	Fava K. Parker	538
My Love For You	Estelle Webb Thomas	557
Garden Space	Florence Hartman Townsend	557
Autumn	Mary Stallings	557
Autumn Etching	Cora May Preble	557
Leaves	Carl B. Craig	557
Cinquain Sequence	Edith Chertington	557
Pencil Points	Jean McCaleb	557
"No Second Spring"	Florence Moonch	557
The Window Garden	Rebecca Helman	557
Why Do I Love You	Gwen Linford	557
You Spoke	Margaret Richards	559
Behold! Eternal Day (A Tribute)	Ida R. Alldredge	568
When I'm Gone	R. Stanley Johns	569
President Grant and Counselor Ivins	A. Noble	572
Three Willows	Harold Homer Lyche	582
Elsie Talmage Brandley	Lula Greene Richards	Inside Back Cover
Elsie T. Brandley	Lucretia Ashby Arbon	Inside Back Cover

DEPARTMENTS

Book Reviews:		
"Mormonism and Freemasonry"	C. C.	565
"Hobbies for Everybody"	E. T. B.	565
"Kitchen Sonnets"		565
"Their Religion"		565
"Footlights Up!"	E. T. B.	566
Ward Teachers' Message, October, 1935		567
Priesthood		568
Mutual Messages		573
"The Clarion Call"—(A Song)	Oscar A. Kirkham and Alexander Schreiner	574
Your Page and Ours		Inside Back Cover

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

THE OUTPOST



By PRES. J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

First Counselor in the Presidency of the Church

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago (December 12, 1850), Elders Hyrum Clark, Henry W. Bigler, Thomas Morris, John Dixon, William Farrer, James Hawkins, James Keeler, Hyrum H. Blackwell, Thomas Whittle, and George Q. Cannon landed at Honolulu to open the first Latter-day Saint mission in what was then called the Sandwich Islands. Elder Hyrum Clark, already a veteran missionary of the Church, was chosen the president of the mission.

On the day following their arrival they climbed a mountain back of Honolulu and erected an altar. After singing a hymn they prayed, President Clark being mouth. President Cannon records: "He embodied our desires in his prayer. They were that the Lord would make speedy work on those islands, open an effectual door for the preaching of the Gospel, confound all opposers, help us to gather out the honest in heart, and

spare our lives to return home in safety."

President Cannon continues: "Having thus dedicated the land and ourselves to the Lord, one of the Elders spoke in tongues and offered many comforting promises, and another interpreted."

Seven years earlier (in 1843), the Church had sent four missionaries to open up a mission among the Polynesians in the Pacific Ocean. These never reached Hawaii, and performed their labors in the islands further to the south. One of them died at sea on the way to their field of labor.

Of the ten missionaries who went to the Sandwich Islands in 1850, three soon returned home to America. Another returned a little later, which left only six. Shortly after, President Clark went to Tahiti. Elders Hawkins and Blackwell had been assigned to the island of Hawaii, and after Elder Blackwell left for home, Elder Hawkins labored alone on the Island. Eld-

"SMOTHERED IN FLOWERS"

Seated, from left to right: J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Mrs. J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Heber J. Grant, Mrs. Heber J. Grant, Preston D. Richards, and Mrs. Preston D. Richards.

Standing, from left to right: Mrs. Castle H. Murphy, President Castle H. Murphy, Mrs. Edith Grant Young, Joseph Anderson, Mrs. Anna Grant Midgley, President William Waddoups, and Mrs. William Waddoups.

ers Cannon, Keeler, Farrer, and Bigler labored on the island of Maui.

President Cannon records that one of the first questions which arose after the Elders reached the islands was whether or not their mission was to the whites or to the natives, or to both. He states that some of the Elders took one view, others another. The president of the mission declined to decide the matter, leaving each man to make a decision for himself. President Cannon records his own feeling on this point as follows:

"For my part I felt it to be clearly my duty to warn all men, white and red; no sooner did I learn the condition of the population than I made up my mind to acquire the language, preach the Gospel to the natives and to the whites whenever I could obtain an opportunity, and thus fill my mission. I felt resolved to study and master the language and warn the people of those islands if I had to

IN MID-PACIFIC

The significance of the organization of a regular stake of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands is set forth in this article by a man whose training in the diplomatic service of the United States Government makes it possible for him to understand relationships which exist among peoples and nations.

do it alone; for I felt I could not do otherwise and be free from condemnation; the spirit of it was upon me. Elders Bigler and Keeler felt the same."

IN view of his strong determination to preach the Gospel to the natives, President Cannon's testimony as to how he acquired the language is of great interest. He says:

"My desire to learn to speak was very strong; it was present with me night and day, and I never permitted an opportunity of talking with the natives to pass without improving it. I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord and to obtain the gift of talking and understanding the language. One evening while sitting on the mats conversing with some neighbors who had dropped in, I felt an uncommonly great desire to understand what they said. All at once I felt a peculiar sensation in my ears. I jumped to my feet, with my hands at the sides of my head and exclaimed to Elders Bigler and Keeler, who sat at the table, that I believed I had received the gift of interpretation! And it was so.

"From that time forward I had but little, if any, difficulty in understanding what the people said to me. I might not be able at once to separate every word which they spoke from every other word in the sentence, but I could tell the general meaning of the whole. This was a great aid to me in learning to speak the language, and I felt very thankful for this gift from the Lord."

Among the most reverent and touching memories to be found in the Islands today are those attending upon the missionary labors of President Cannon, particularly those having to do with his work in Maui. One is told there that President Cannon baptized 3,000

people during his labors on that island.

On the slopes of the lofty crater of the extinct volcano Haleakala, at the little village of Pūhā, stands a monument erected to President George Q. Cannon, marking the place where he translated the Book of Mormon; it is near the place where he performed his first baptism in the Islands.

President Cannon not only did this mighty work of conversion, but he also translated the Book of Mormon. He records that he determined in the last days of the month of January, 1851, to commence the work of translation.

the language was preserved and spoken in the greatest purity, and he had advantages that no other equally educated man, at the time, possessed." Brother Napela was a man of great faith and deep understanding of the Gospel.

THE memory of the visit, of a few years past, of President David O. McKay and Elder Hugh J. Cannon to the monument at Pūhā is still fresh in the minds of the Saints of Maui, and they speak in terms of awe and reverence of the spiritual experiences which were vouchsafed on that occasion.

President Joseph F. Smith also performed a great work in the Islands, his mission extending from 1854 to 1858. In March, 1864, he returned there, accompanying Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow, who were sent to restore order and discipline in the Church, which had been largely led astray by Walter M. Gibson.



The translation was finished on July 22, 1853, and the revision of the translation was accomplished on September 27 of the same year. It was published in San Francisco in 1855. President Cannon relates that he was greatly assisted in this by one of his early converts, an educated, intelligent Hawaiian, residing in Wailuku, Maui, by name, W. H. Napela, who "was a descendant of the old chiefs of the Island of Maui, in whose families

PRESIDENTS GRANT AND CLARK AND PARTY AT THE MONUMENT MARKING PLACE WHERE THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS TRANSLATED INTO HAWAIIAN BY PRESIDENT GEO. Q. CANNON

After the Apostles returned home, President Joseph F. Smith remained as the president of the mission for a few months. He dearly loved the Islands and had for their people an affection as deep as that which he had for his own kinfolk. He returned to the Islands several times

after that. His name is held there in greatest reverence.

The Hawaiians tell this incident regarding the last visit to them of President George Q. Cannon, during the mission presidency of Samuel E. Woolley; President Cannon had not spoken the language for years. Apparently he thought or felt that he had lost his command of it. Accordingly on rising to speak to the Hawaiians he requested Brother Woolley to translate for him, Brother Cannon speaking in English. After this had proceeded for a few sentences the gift of tongues again came to President Cannon, and he made a long address in the Hawaiian language, which President Woolley affirmed was as pure Hawaiian as he ever heard spoken.

President Cannon has published a record of his experiences in Hawaii, under the title "My First Mission," which contains accounts of his works in those beautiful places, his minglings with the people, his experiences, his feelings, his deliverance from evil, which no one who has the faith and who has visited the Islands would question for a moment. Our young people of the Church could today well afford the time to re-read the record of that great evangelical work, written simply and in all humility. The record would leave them with an appreciation of the beauty of the Gospel, the glory of God, the power of the priesthood, and of the love, respect, and reverence in which the memory of President Cannon's work is held among the Hawaiians.

ON the morning of June 20, 1935, President Heber J. Grant and his party, on board the S. *Lurline*, after a four-full-day smooth and pleasant voyage from San Francisco, sailed into the slightly choppy channel between Oahu and Molokai, passed Koko Head around Diamond Head, to quarantine, just outside the harbor of Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. The ship's passenger list was full. College students, residents of Hawaii, returning to their home for the summer vacation, and tourists crowded the decks. Tug boats and coast boats loaded with relatives and friends of those on shipboard put out from Honolulu and came out to quarantine. Among them came President Castle H. Murphy, of the Hawaiian Mission,



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

and President William Waddoups, of the Hawaiian Temple, to greet President Grant and his party.

The boat docked at 9 a. m. A large group of Saints was at the wharf and greeted President Grant and those with him, with the waving of hats, with songs and leis of welcome. Newspaper men came aboard and interviewed President Grant and President Clark; also some Saints to welcome President Grant and his associates.

When the group went ashore they were greeted by another large number of Saints. Unfortunately the largest group of Saints at the wharf were missed, through an inadvertence in leaving by a different exit than that at which the Saints had congregated.

President Grant and those with him were taken immediately to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where arrangements had been made for their entertainment by Mr. Guy Toombes, manager of the Hotel Utah. When they reached the entrance to the hotel they found it lined on both sides by the Saints, who, insofar as their joyous weeping would permit, sang songs of welcome. Many leis had been placed upon the party at the wharf; additional leis were given here. President Grant and his group then proceeded to the Presidential Suite (which had been occupied by President Roosevelt on his recent trip to the islands), which had been assigned to President Grant. Here they found the parlor filled with other Saints who again, in the midst of their tears and sobs, sang songs

of welcome. The tables of the parlor were piled with leis. Each Hawaiian Church member gathered there had brought other leis and these were placed around the necks and shoulders of the members of the party as a token of the affection and esteem of the Saints. How profuse was this hospitality can be surmised from the photograph taken at the close of this great welcome, but no photograph can do the scene justice, because lacking the beautiful and wonderful coloring. Everyone was a walking flower garden.

THE bestowing of leis has, in Hawaii, become a high ritual of friendship; each island has its own flower, shrub, or berry, from which it makes a lei representing the island (each island also has its own particular color): Kauai has its Mokihana, Oahu has its Ilima, Maui has its Lokelani (red rose), Hawaii has its Lehua, and Molokai has its Pua Kukui. To these are added leis of gardenias, pikake (jasmine), the papaya flower, the white ginger blooms, carnations, mauna loa, crown flowers, and many others. All of these were represented in the leis which were given to the party. The perfume was so intensely sweet as to be almost suffocating.

From the moment of landing until President Grant left the Islands he was the beneficiary of every possible token of the wealth of affection, esteem, and reverence of the Hawaiians, not only of members of the Church, but of many and distinguished non-Church members. His reception reminded one of the way in which in the earlier days of the Church, and within the memory of the older ones among us, the Saints here on the mainland received and entertained Church leaders, when the people saw rather the great calling and divine power of the Priesthood than the petty inconsequential human foibles of those who hold it, when the Master's saying about the mote and the beam was better understood and more completely lived. The Saints in Hawaii seized and hung upon every word which President Grant uttered, whether from the pulpit or in social conversation. They gained from their contact with him a spiritual uplift which it was an inspiration to see.

As one witnessed day after day

and night after night among the Saints congregating together to meet him, the spontaneous, upwelling and outpouring of their affections and reverence for President Grant, displayed as only people with deep feelings and great spirituality can show them, when their every word and look evidenced that to them President Grant was indeed the Prophet of the Lord, the Seer and the Revelator, one was shocked and saddened in the contemplation of how poor and destitute we Anglo-Saxons are in real depth of feeling, and how inhibited and niggardly we are in showing the feeling we have, in contrast with the overwhelming richness of the sentiment and emotion which the Hawaiians possess and with the understanding prodigality with which they shower these blessings upon others. Truly we feel little and show less; they feel much and show all.

As we moved among these Saints we saw and shared a deep spirituality, an understanding, upbuilding trust and faith which, if the whole body of the Church might not in righteousness envy, it might in true spirit seek and cultivate.

PRESIDENT GRANT went to the Islands primarily to organize a Stake on the Island of Oahu, where Honolulu is located. As is his custom, he had given the question of organization deep consideration before he undertook his journey. The matter had been discussed not only among the members of the First Presidency, but with the Council of the Twelve also. A few tentative conclusions had been reached regarding the possible personnel of the Stake organization, but nothing definite had been determined, again in accordance with President Grant's custom to leave the final decision to be guided by the inspiration incident to the actual organization itself.

On reaching the Islands it was determined that the Saints in the various islands should be visited. Carrying this plan out, the whole party visited the Island of Hawaii. Presidents Grant, Clark, and Murphy, with Elder Joseph Anderson, thereafter visited, in the order named the islands of Maui; Molokai, and Kauai. These four islands, with Oahu, are the only ones of

the entire group on which any considerable number of the Saints reside.

The visit to the Islands brought home to all an appreciation of some of the elements of the whole Hawaiian problem, of which we had only heard before.

One cannot go ashore on any island without appreciating the great racial problems which are there presented. One finds side by side, in the stores, on the streets, on the plantations, in one capacity or another, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, and "whites." As one becomes conscious of these various race groups, one also becomes conscious that there is a great intermixing thereof, some of the crosses producing children who are the equal, and some say the superior, of the races themselves. Certainly we saw some remarkable men and women who were the product of this intermixing.

A little deeper investigation showed that this intermixing of the races was already exerting a sensible and considerable influence upon the Church in Hawaii and upon the spread of the Gospel there, and that potentially that influence might, under proper direction, be so increased that it might appropriately be termed great.

This influence reaches out in several ways. The most obvious way, of course, is where the Church member of the mixed-race couple converts the non-Church member. This frequently happens, and it seems, almost invariably, that the children of such a union are reared in the Church.

The bringing in of such a new Church member enlarges, through his friends, the circle of those who may be brought to feel the spirit of the Gospel. So this influence increases, because reasonable, sober-minded men and women can hardly refuse in these days to listen to reputable friends or kinsmen who affirm they have a message of truth affecting eternity.

For some time past Elder Elwood Christensen, who has been on a mission to Japan, has been conducting work among the Japanese in Honolulu (the Japanese have by far the largest race block on the Islands); his earnest and devoted labors are meeting with success. He has established a branch among the Japanese who hold their meetings

on the property recently bought for the erection of a stake house in Honolulu. Some baptisms are resulting. Among the Japanese Saints in Honolulu are Sister Tsune Nachie, an aged and most faithful Latter-day Saint of many years, and Dr. Tomizo Katsumuna, who at one time attended college in Utah. The Japanese Saints and their friends gave to President Grant and his group a delicious dinner and afterward a delightful entertainment of song, dance, instrumental music, and recitation, the latter partly in splendid English. The music, played on the Japanese koto (harp) the samisen (a Japanese guitar), and the shakuhachi (Japanese flute) was very delightful, even though the tones were different from our own music. The Japanese at Laie also gave to President Grant and his party a delicious dinner there.

FOR a variety of reasons unnecessary to enumerate here, it would seem not improbable that Hawaii is the most favorable place for the Church to make its next effort to preach the Gospel to the Japanese people; and it would further appear that a strong colony of Japanese Saints in Hawaii could operate from there into their homeland in a way that might bring many Japanese to a knowledge not only of Christianity, but of the restored Gospel. There are evidences that the fields are ripening; if so, they will be ready sooner or later for the harvest to begin.

The same circumstances, the same line of reasoning, applies to the Chinese. While no separate and distinct work has yet been done among the Chinese of the Islands as a group, nevertheless individual Chinese have become members of the Church, and the inauguration of work among the Chinese group awaits only initiation and organization. As with the Japanese-Hawaiian group, so with the Chinese-Hawaiian group—they might be used as a means of reaching the Chinese of the homeland. The party was entertained at the home of a full blooded Chinese, Brother Henry W. Aki, who came into the Church after he married his splendid wife, a Hawaiian. Brother Aki is a member of the Oahu High Council.

And so with the Filipinos.

Moreover, the myriads upon

myriads of India also face us here.

It would thus appear that the beginnings of a missionary service among a billion, it may be, of the children of God to whom the restored Gospel has not yet been successfully brought in China and Japan and India might be made here in Hawaii, and from here extend to the far-off home-lands.

Again, Hawaii is the gateway to all of our branches in the widely scattered islands of the Pacific. Considerations of race, common ancestry, and a common language at its source, draw all the South Sea Islanders and the Hawaiians together in a close common bond. The recognition given to the Hawaiians in the organization of full Church units under normal Church government cannot fail to have a great and beneficial influence upon the whole Polynesian race.

Furthermore, the Temple at Laie stretches out its sanctifying welcome not only to that great group of descendants of Lehi in the Pacific, but also and equally to all others in New Zealand and Australia, who have in them the blood of Israel. And who can estimate or measure the unifying influence of the inspiration and fruitifying spiritual power of this little Temple at Laie, and the glorious work for the salvation of the millions and millions who have gone before, carried on within its walls, as it rests there in the midst of the mighty waters of the Pacific.

In this view the Hawaiian Islands are indeed the outpost of a great forward march for Christianity and the Church, among those mighty peoples that face us along the eastern edge of our sister hemisphere.

Then there is the question of the Hawaiians themselves. In the days of President Cannon when emigration of the Hawaiians to the United States was not practicable, the Island of Lunai was designated as the gathering place for the Saints from all the other Islands. The mal-administration and malfeasance of Gibson made this attempt abortive. In 1865, following the Gibson debacle,* the Laie plantation was purchased on the north-west coast of Oahu, as a gathering-place for the Saints. This place had a peculiar sentiment attached to it, particularly marking it for a gathering-place: In the days before the

white man came to this garden of Eden, Laie had been a city of refuge, strictly analogous, it would seem, to the old cities of refuge of ancient Israel. It was finely fitting that the Saints should gather themselves here and find rest. For a variety of reasons unnecessary to enumerate now, this gathering did not work out as originally contemplated, and in 1889 the Church purchased the old Knowlton ranch out in Skull Valley, Tooele County, Utah, and established there a Hawaiian colony, giving the place the title of Josepa. A considerable number of Hawaiian Saints were colonized here. But for climatic and other reasons the colonists did not thrive; and in 1910 the colony was discontinued and the bulk of those who had lived there were returned by the Church to the Islands.

CONDITIONS in the Islands have greatly changed since the days when President Cannon performed his first mission there. The lands are now owned in greatest part by a few great families, for the most part descendants of the original Protestant missionaries who went there, beginning about 1823. The Hawaiians themselves now own relatively few acres, the bulk of the land being held in great plantations by these families

or by their corporate or other nominees. By tradition and by the methods of life which have come to them through all the generations of their ancestors, the Hawaiians are unfitted for work on these plantations; they cannot compete with the Japanese, the Filipinos, and the Portuguese in the cane or pineapple fields. They do not generally compete with the Japanese, the Chinese, and the "whites" as tradesmen. As intimates, they have no land holdings. So in their own lands, under their own skies, and in their own environment, they stand virtually disinherited with the problem of their daily sustenance a serious one.

The Hawaiians are kind and trustful; they are generous to a fault. Perhaps beyond all else they are affectionately hospitable; so long as they have a morsel to eat they share it. In worldly matters and in affairs spiritual they follow the Master's word: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A debt owed need not be paid when due; it may rather be paid at the need, and desire, or even convenience of the debtor; for the friend and brother must not be oppressed. They are a people of great loves and of no hates. They are simple in their faith and have unbounded trust and spirituality.

They delight to sing and to dance. They have an instinct for music. The Oahu stake choir ranks second to no stake choir in the Church, and the Tabernacle choir itself must closely watch its laurels, if the Oahu stake choir shall continue the development of its leadership and shall widen somewhat its cultural capacity. The attack and release of this choir reminds one of the trained, professional choruses of the great opera houses.

THE Hawaiians are a people of a great and peculiar spirituality. President Cannon testified that they were the only people whom he had ever known, who, while belonging to the Church, could sin without becoming embittered against the Church.

Of all the Christian Churches in the Islands, the Latter-day Saints have the largest individual group. The uniform testimony of every missionary, I think, who has been to the Islands, would be that they are a wonderful people of greatest



*See History of the Hawaiian Mission.

faith and spirituality, of humility and devotion, of deep conversion and assured knowledge—not without failings, it is true, “but e’en their failings,” like Goldsmith’s Vicar, “lean to virtue’s side.”

For these people the Church and the Gospel hold a great hope and have a wondrous virtue. Hawaiians—members of the Church and non-members—freely affirm that had the Church secured in an earlier day a firmer hold upon a larger group of the Hawaiians they would not have been today in the plight in which they find themselves.

After this eighty-five years of working among and with the people, and after the various experiences which have attended the operations of the Church in those islands, the Hawaiians had earned the right to the gift (in making which the Church itself had joy) of a greater power and fuller local responsibility in the administration of Church activities upon the islands.

It was a great satisfaction to President Grant to find that under the able direction of President Castle H. Murphy, the people had been trained to a point where it was possible to set up a stake and ward organization which was largely manned by Hawaiians. Indeed, the distribution of stake-offices, regular and auxiliary, between the Hawaiians and the other Church members was essentially proportionate to their relative numbers. This was a matter of peculiar gratification to President Grant, first, because, he felt that the Hawaiian Saints were entitled to a large representation by reason of their long faithfulness and training; next, because he felt it was a demonstration to all the descendants of Lehi, wherever they may be, that they are in fact and in practise entitled, when they join the Church and remain faithful, to all the blessings promised them in Holy Writ. President Grant also rejoiced that the organization of the Oahu Stake gave the opportunity to demonstrate that in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints all who are entitled to the Priesthood, without distinction of race or color, stand on an equality. It was felt that this demonstration must have its beneficial effect upon all the races who had groups upon the Islands.

Again, it was felt by President Grant that if the results achieved

here on the mainland from “home missionary” labors in the stakes, should follow the organization of a stake in Hawaii—and there is every reason to hope they will follow—then the setting up of the Oahu Stake of Zion will mean a new leap forward in the spreading of the Gospel in those lands. It may be here stated, that influential Hawaiians who were not members of the Church were intensely interested in the organization of the Oahu Stake; several such persons were spectators at the organization conference.

Finally, it was felt by President Grant that the organization of a stake of Zion gives, on the Islands, such a compactness and cohesion to the Church’s work in general as could not fail to have a far-reaching, beneficial, and almost coercive effect upon the launching of the Gospel in the Eastern hemisphere.

FROM the moment they reached the Islands until they sailed out of Honolulu harbor on their return,

Elsie Has Passed Away

By Ruth May Fox
(Read at Mrs. Brandley’s Funeral)

LIKE a thunderbolt ‘from a cloudless sky,
The words fell on our ears
Which stunned our minds and chilled our hearts

With dark, perplexing fears.

Not fear of death nor fear for one
Who has closed her earthly days,
But fear that some dear broken heart
May falter in the ways.
Thy ways are so mysterious, Lord,
We cannot understand,
We only know that through this maze
Thou’lt lend Thy kindly hand.

And lead us wisely, tenderly
Toward that Heavenly light
Which always whispers: “Ease your soul
You’re always in my sight.”
And so is this beloved one
This precious, brilliant gem
You hold so dear, can God do less
Than give her place with them—

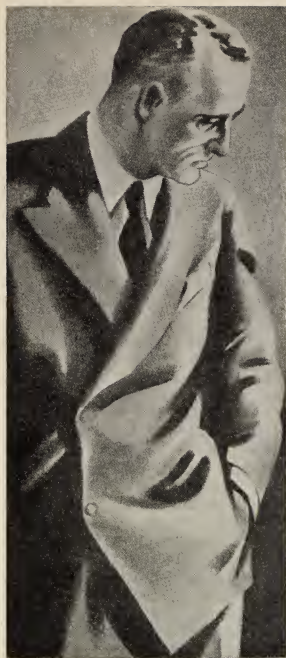
His priceless glorious jewels,
Whose sheen is Light Divine
Where her illustrious father
Proclaims with joy, “She’s mine!”
She will not lose her heritage
Of gifts and talents rare,
With ten-fold lustre they will shine
Amid the faithful there.

Her charm, her love will never wane,
In beauty and in truth
With sparkling eyes and nimble feet
She’ll walk the ways of youth.
O Father, let Thy peace descend
Upon this stricken band
And give us faith and hope and trust
Until we understand.

the entire party were elaborately entertained by private individuals, by Church branches, by district organizations. To give a list of those expressing their welcome and love, and either offering or extending their hospitality, would almost require a naming of the members of the Church in the Islands. Indeed, while the party was yet at sea, on its island-ward journey, there came to them a message of welcome by radio from President Murphy and the Oahu district choir.

No trouble was too arduous and no expense too great to be undertaken to show their love, esteem, and reverence for President Grant, and they extended their courtesies to all those who were with him. The Samoan group resident on the islands vied with the Hawaiians in their efforts to entertain and to show their good will and reverence. Nor was the small Maori group, temporarily at Laie doing Temple work, less diligent in their efforts to show their loving and reverential feelings. Singing, joyous congregations greeted President Grant wherever he went. Always there were moist eyes and trembling voices; sometimes the feelings of love and joy were so great they found expression only in tears, and many were forced to stop their songs of praise and thanksgiving that they might weep for joy. Not one untoward incident marred the whole journey. The sea itself seemed to wish to give us nothing but comfort, and on one voyage the captain commented upon the almost unprecedented calmness of the ocean during the trip.

Every member of the party came away from the islands not only with a fondness for their beauty and a deep affection for their people, but with an increased faith and deepened and widened spirituality, which made each of us a better man or woman for the companionship of the Hawaiian Saints. We left the shores of Hawaii with that saddening lonesomeness which comes to all who leave the Islands after partaking of the spirit of the people, and with a deep longing to return, that some of us shall do our best to meet. Each one of us returns to the people there, the superlative of their own greetings of welcome and of farewell to us. “Aloha nui loa.”



ONE THING WENT TO SAVE ANOTHER, BUT
PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING WAS LOST



UNDERNEATH THAT POLISHED SURFACE
OF HERS, HE HAD SEEN A LAYER OF
GRIT AS HARD AS BLUE DIAMONDS

A SILVER

PART I

A HUGE old blue-bottle fly buzzed out of his winter sleep and zig-zagged across Tom Reynolds' chromium-finished inner office. The room had been so still that Reynolds could almost hear the swish of his thoughts.

"Hello," said he, surprised from his reverie, as the fly found the window and began to bob noisily up and down in a hint of spring sunshine. "Huh, what ragged wings! Don't you know you're almost through, old fellow, if you have survived the winter? I haven't . . . but I'm not through." His gaze was steady, but his face was worn and drawn.

His suite of a dozen rooms had been as silent as a shadow. The ticker was still. The directors' board vacant. Suddenly the telephone rang. Reynolds winced although he had been waiting for just this.

"Yes."

"Marlborough on the Hudson

calling Mr. Thomas Reynolds."

"Reynolds speaking."

"One moment, please."

"Hello, Dad? This is Eileen. I got your message to call. What do you want Dadden?"

"I want you Eileen. I want you to come home. Tonight."

"Oh I can't Dad; not this weekend. Have you forgotten? Didn't Mother tell you? I'm hop mistress for the Spring Formal—it's tonight! And tomorrow Zeta's going out to crew—I'm stroke! And Sunday is my big moment—I'm going over to West Point with Wayne. Isn't that a thrill?"

"A thrill! It sounds like a fast flight to me, but I think you'd better pull the joy stick. I'm afraid you're going to have to come down, daughter. Can you land on both feet?"

"That's the last thing I was planning to do. I don't have to come home, do I Dad?"

"Yes. There's something you

must know. It's dreadful. I want to be the first to tell you."

"Dad! What is it?"

"You'll have to wait until I see you. But there's something else, too, not so bad."

"What, Dad?"

"An idea, *an idea*, Eileen, but it needs a crutch, and you're it. You've got to help me put it over. How soon can you get home?"

"Well, if that's that, I suppose it's that. I guess I can get there about as soon as you can, but it's like throwing diamonds in the river to give up that date with Wayne. Is Mother home?"

"Yes."

"And Jim?"

"Yeah. Good-bye, dear. Ask your director to have your things sent on, will you?"

"Dad! Is it for good? A close-out?"

"I'm 'fraid so—you dear girl. But never mind; chin up. And just wait until you hear what I've got in mind. There won't be a tear in a bucket, you'll see."

TOM looked at his watch. He had a few moments to wait before his chauffeur would be calling.

He slumped and again began to torture himself with "ifs." Step by step he rehearsed his crash, saying, "If I had not done this," or, "if I had done that." But he saw no loophole through which a man of honor might have escaped. But, although nearly everything he owned had been engulfed, he had not lost his values nor his perspective of life. Reynolds' spirit was unquenchable.

As a lad he had herded his father's sheep from one range to another in the far West. He knew the lush meadows in the hidden canyons of the Southwest where his flocks had wintered. And the ferns and brake of high uplands where they had summered. Long ago, when he had lain in the shadow of the mountains, wiggling his toes in the moist grass, something elemental had been nurtured deep within his nature, a still source

GIRDLE

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

By CLARE W. NOALL

Tom Reynolds smashed up as thousands of others have done, but he thinks of a way out. Will he make it? This is the beginning of a serial of the Uintah Mountain country by one who loves it.

which gave meaning to the depth of life and abundance to his spirit. This spiritual essence had been overlaid with day dreams that had passed before his childish vision like a column of scudding clouds. "To shoot through space and land on Mars; gee, for swell! To be rich and live in a hundred-room house when he grew up . . . and have a pretty wife. To be a big shot." Many of his dreams were lost on his way to manhood, but some of them became living, rushing realities as the past was left far behind. One became an expensive bit of human addenda, that pretty wife of his, but Tom adored her.

The pyramid of his fortune had risen naturally. An appointment to the federal grazing commission. More land, more sheep, thousands upon thousands of head, blooded cattle, then oil, and eventually the stock market, a brokerage firm—and finally residence in the East. When the market folded up like a

broken bellows, his holdings in the West collapsed; one thing went to save another, but practically everything was lost.

Of all his property there was nothing left but one ranch which he had recently deeded to Eileen, with some fine horses, and one herd of blooded cattle. There was a bunch of range horses, some Indian ponies, and a thoroughbred saddle mount for both of the children and their father. There was also a pair of well trained English Setters that Tom took with him when he went duck hunting on the Bear River. Tom had planned other holdings for Jimmie, but now it looked as

if Eileen's ranch would have to be the family stand-by for the time being.

The ranch was a dude, and one they used for not much more than vacationing. It was in Utah, close to the Weber River head, and at the very foot of the Uinta Mountains, that curious range which shoots off at right angles from the Colorado Rockies and extends into Utah for about twenty-five miles just below the northeastern cut-out of that state.

A half dozen bare, rocky peaks accent the western end and the northern line of the range at intervals as they thrust their fantastic, naked summits high above their forested slopes far below. One is

(Continued on page 589)

ADOREE BROKE INTO HYSTERICAL
SOBS AND SANK BACK AMONG
HER PILLOWS



In Memory of President A. W. Ivins

On the 83rd anniversary of his birth, Sept. 16, 1852, and the first of his death Sept. 23, 1934, we submit these tributes taken from the sermons given at his funeral and a tribute from a Lamanite friend.

A Lamanite Tribute to President Ivins

THE Lamanites in Old Mexico, United States, and Canada, have been blessed in having the association and friendship of a 100 per cent member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Such was our departed brother, President A. W. Ivins. The Lamanites loved Brother Ivins; few men have accomplished such broad acquaintance among the Indians. Brother Ivins loved the Indians as they were, and he understood them as they are. He knew the trials and tribulations that were imposed upon them before the white man came among them. He was blessed with a spiritual knowledge far superior to that of most men, especially on the Lamanite question. Brother Ivins was an authority on Indians. At no time did Brother Ivins ever fail to raise his voice in the Indian's defense. His memory will always linger in the minds of the Red Men, who are so sensitive to such brotherly love and friendship, and untiring, unselfish services as he rendered to his fellow man. Said he to me, "Don't worry about the Indians not joining the Church of Jesus Christ, or being converted any faster than they are. The day is not far off when there will

be nations born in a day, and they will come into this Church by the thousand, and into their own, in your time."

President Ivins' remarks will soon prove true.

J. J. Galbreath,
Blackfeet Reservation,
Browning, Montana.
* * *

We are met today to honor him, in his death as in his life. We honor him as a dutiful son, a loving husband, a kind and loving father, a great pioneer, a builder of commonwealths, a great citizen, a devout churchman, a wise and experienced, a righteous and God-fearing man.—President J. Reuben Clark, presiding officer.
* * *

One of the most successful journeys ever completed in this work-a-day world came to an end at the 82nd milestone, last Sunday morning, Sept. 23, when President Anthony W. Ivins reluctantly, though peacefully, laid aside life's burdens.

A million voices murmured in unison, death has taken from us a truly great man, a mighty leader, a friend in very deed—President David O. McKay.

THE LATE PRESIDENT A. W. IVINS IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS LAMANITE FRIENDS. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN SALT LAKE CITY, WHERE THE INDIANS HAD ASSEMBLED FOR CONFERENCE.

It is difficult to find an individual who represents the hopes and aspirations and ideals of a nation or race. * * * A. W. Ivins, however, did represent, in his personality, the hopes and the ideals and the expectations of that band of men and women who went out to establish, on the extreme frontier, a branch of Zion. To them he was the product of their experiences and their teachings.—John G. McQuarrie, life-long Dixie friend.
* * *

"He was an ornament to religion. So manly a man was he that others wanted to worship, if for no other reason than because he did. Confident that life is immortal, he lived in Christlike peace.—E. G. Peterson, President of the U. S. A. C.
* * *

And so I like to think of him now as the ideal father of a family; one who intelligently guided it; one who was an example in every way; and one who had at the time, and who has ever since had, the complete respect and honor of his own children and all other children who were associated with him.—F. S. Harris, President B. Y. U.
* * *

One of the finest attributes of this man was his ardent loyalty to his friends.—John Fitzpatrick, publisher Salt Lake Tribune.



LITTLE HOUSE

By FAVA K. PARKER

Lovely little happy house that once I knew,
Tell me—does the other woman love you, too?

Does she rub the worn old faucets 'til they gleam like gold
And pretend they're queenly treasures, as I used to do—
Does she realize how much of Life two hands can hold
When working for a loved one in a home like you?

Has she seen the bit of rainbow on the painted wall
When the sun beams through that foolish little leaded pane,
And watched the colors dance apart and leap and fall,
Then quiver into stillness and grow clear again?

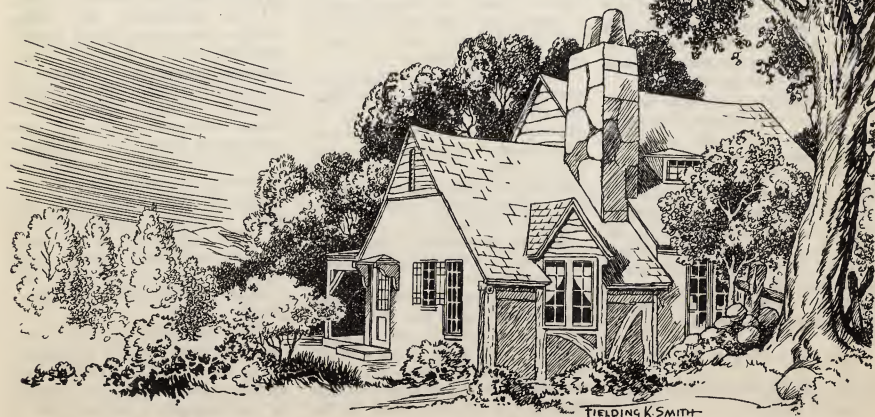
Has she learned that she must turn and raise that cupboard latch—
Does she love to hear the kettle when it starts to sing—
Is she bothered by the kitchen door that will not catch—
Will she feed my little robin when he comes, in Spring?

Does her man come home, as mine did, every night at seven,
Does she ever hide and wait for him behind the door
And then rush out and kiss him, while his arms hold heaven?
Could I but play that game of rapture, just once more!

Does she sometimes lie awake at night, too tired to sleep,
In the rosy cozy dormer room beneath the eaves
And watch the silent shadows as they softly creep
When the silver moon comes peeping through the linden leaves?

Does she ever, in the stillness of an empty noon,
Hear echoes of my happiness in room or hall,
Or see, amid the phantoms in the twilight gloom,
Just a shadow of my happy dreams on floor or wall?

O lovely little happy house that once I knew—
There's a throbbing bit of me in every inch of you!





SONS! AND THIRTY

We take pleasure in passing these suggestions on from the "Master of Chat" to Fathers and Sons everywhere. If you can't take thirty—as the CCC lads say—take five.

HERE'S something to write down on your memorandum pads. Yes, Mr. Father, here's something that will start paying dividends tonight:

Arrange to talk with your son at least thirty minutes every day.

That doesn't mean talking to or at the boy, but *with* him. It does mean that this proposed meeting is to feature a *conversation*, with each party assigned about one-half of these wonderful thirty minutes.

WHEN TO SCHEDULE

WHEN to schedule this interesting "Mister and Master" meeting is a vital point. Everything considered, make it just before the boy goes to bed. If it is Friday night and the young man has a date, it may be advantageous to enjoy the chat during dinner.

The just-before-bed-time schedule has its advantages, however. Lessons are out of the way; the father's assignments for the evening are pretty well covered and the home premises serene. Mother, too, can find a moment to lean over and listen. The big precaution, of course, is to make sure that father is not so drowsy that he cannot be interesting. A good conversational bed-time "wake-him-up" is an orange or a glass of cold milk.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT

THIS will depend entirely on the age of the boy.

If the youngster is of Scout age,

the conversations should bristle with stories about the things he did that very day. Answering such questions as:

"Say, Bud, how's the table coming you're making in Manual Training? Are you sanding it down carefully? I'll certainly be glad to see it."

"Where in the yard, do you think we ought to set up that basketball backstop?"

"Here are the movies being shown in town this Saturday. From what you've read about them, which one do you want to see? Why?"

Young Bud should be given a chance and encouragement to make crisp, full statements. He should be helped in the use of correct words, but not, at first, to the extent of taking all of the sparkle out of his share of the conversation. *The big point is for Bud to get a chance to say it in his own way to a father who has the time and inclination to listen and a friendly eagerness to appreciate.*

For the father's part during this conversation, let there be no blatant criticism but for *once in the youngster's life*, let there be a lot of appreciative understanding and friendly approval. It is never hard for over-wrought fathers to work up a "stomach-ache" over the antics of twelve year old boys.

Let the father himself have ready a number of interesting "hunches" that always give a real boy a laugh and a thrill, and let them be told, just as well, and just as interestingly as if Chief Justice Hughes himself were listening and *grading father on the quality of his conversation*. Maybe you don't think that won't give the head of the family a work-out!

WHEN THE BOY IS OLDER

IF the boy is in his teens—if he is just beginning to be fussy about his shirts and ties and his incipient beard, then father has a different assignment. If ever he needed to scratch gravel to hold his own, he needs to now. To match wits with a keen, intelligent, seventeen year old boy calls for the best in father leadership.

If the father can prove that, in his field, no matter how humble it is, he is still growing, still learning, still reaching out for new excellencies, the boy will be the first to respect and to love him. At this age a boy hungers for hero worship. Nothing pleases him more than to be able to show his father off. It certainly is no thrill to him to be able to show his father up.

VOCATIONS DON'T MATTER

WHETHER, in earning the family livelihood, the father handles materials or forces, he still employs brain and brawn and can, therefore, always be interesting to a boy; especially, if he is a good observer, a careful reader and is himself interested in life. A man is always as young as his faith and as old as his doubts; as young as his courage, as old as his fear.

Even if the father hasn't had many scholastic opportunities, if the right camaraderie is developed, the boy will fairly exude appreciation of the man to whom the youngster is indebted for everything.

If the boy is shown that his rearing will have cost a struggling father every cent of \$10,000 and probably three times that amount by the time he is twenty-one, if any value can be placed on the un-

FATHERS! MINUTES A DAY

By EARL J. GLADE

Manager KSL



tiring, twenty-four-hour-a-day service of solicitous parents, this same boy will be motivated to a thankful demonstrative appreciation.

The late President C. W. Eliot of Harvard once said that when all other appeals to his college boys to be their best seemed to fail, he could invariably get vibrant reaction out of them, by driving home the extent of the sacrifices made by father and mother and their constant, prayerful solicitude that their boy positively will measure up.

The big assignment for son and father is to keep such a chumship operating that nobody can build a big board fence between the two, when sonny turns fifteen.

HE ISN'T JUST SOMETHING TO YELL AT!

IN a prominent home recently, an accurate check was made of every remark addressed to a thirteen year old son by his father during an entire evening. Incredible as it may seem, every single utterance of this man directed to his own boy was, in the following order, a caustic rebuke for a trivial dereliction; a series of humiliating questions; a sharp rejoinder; and several direct commands. Not an appreciative word!

Frankly, this youngster, during that day, had not done one thing that was even mildly wrong. He had been a little mischievous; that was all.

But where was the son and father camaraderie? Where was the father's firm shoulder-hug for which all boys in their teens hunger? Where was the friendly chat inviting the boy to submit his version of the day's contacts?

Isn't it time that someone serve notice that 12, 13, 14 and 15 year old boys are surely something else

than household personalities to yell at?

According to this father, a general, all-around upbraiding, whether earned or unearned, will do any boy good. And we actually wonder why some boys want to leave home and brave the agonizing, hungering perils of cross-country hitch-hiking!

GETTING INTO THE FRONT DOOR

GETTING a foot into the front door of a boy's spiritual consciousness today requires a new technique.

While preaching may find its way home to some boys, informal father-and-son chats about real personalities who have done or, are doing, the world's work always intrigue the interest of youth. A skillful father can almost invariably succeed in encouraging his boy to associate with the people like whom the youngster personally wants to be; and who are doing the things in life he personally wants to do.

There's a very convincing appeal in the man who is quietly but efficiently doing important things—things the world wants done right now! Who can point these out to a boy better than an interested and an interesting father?

The great assignment for our youths is to learn to bring their doing up to the same level as their knowing.

Frankly nobody can help a youngster to get into action in this direction better than his Dad, at his best.

THE REWARD!

POSSIBLY because Dad is older he will be the first to get the thrills and the happy satisfactions from these son-and-father rendezvous. In a way, it puts father right on the spot, because he has to justify his leadership. Life really

begins at forty for the man who learns to know his boy, through these evening and good-night tete-a-tetes.

And don't think mother won't get her satisfaction as she listens in and looks on from her seat in the gallery, first row, front center!

Young Sonny will see a new warmth in his folks' own living room. All of a sudden he will notice that people aren't yelling direct commands at him all the time—just once in a while now! It's great!

And then, one fine day, he will begin to realize how many wonderful folks are absolutely depending on his making good—and how many will be grateful and proud, if he succeeds!

"Say, Pop, on a Scout broadcast today, I heard a man tell us that you remember things you do, better than things you just think—Yes, you have to act 'em out, if you want really to remember them!

"Listen, Pop, and see if I have this straight!"

"Go right ahead, Buddy, I'm all ears."

That's it, Buddy—and Dad—go right ahead for thirty wonderful minutes every day!

MORONI

An account of the dedication of the Angel Moroni monument at Hill Cumorah, near Palmyra, New York, with suggestions as to its significance to the Church.

By J. ROSCOE A. GROVER



THE MESSAGE TO THE WORLD
Photograph of the Monument in place on the
Hill Cumorah

A MONUMENT to their 'Eternal Life' — That's what one of the writers on a great world-wide news agency wrote as he sent the story across the continent to the San Francisco cable, hoping it would be relayed to the islands beyond; for he knew that President Heber J. Grant had just returned from Hawaii in order to preside at the Cumorah Hillside services, where thousands of pilgrims from all over America had assembled to pay tribute to one, Moroni, who once lived, a real human being on this very continent, and who, ages after his death, returned to the earth to make known the fulness of a great philosophy that had guided the lives of the prophets and people of God here in America back in his own day.

The reporter thrilled at the boldness of the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And recognized the answer as news when, in this skeptical age, President David O. McKay had the audacity to declare, "Yes, indeed! Moroni lived again. He came back to teach Joseph Smith—and others. These men still live. Moroni and Joseph are here, in spirit, today, and know what we are doing!" All that went into the story syndicated to the nation.

Twenty newspaper reporters and photographers came from Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse, Palmyra, and surrounding communities as well as representatives from the Associated Press and United Press. Eagerly they met the General Authorities, asked questions, listened attentively, took notes and ever so many pictures. Sitting at the Press tables near the stand where they could watch the audience and look into the eyes of the speakers, they told through their established channels the story of the restoration of the Gospel and it went all over

America—perhaps beyond. Radio commentators announced the event and the newsreel people clicked off pictures of the four mission trumpeters who heralded the celebration; the singing thousands, assembled in the hillside field on rustic benches; and the General Authorities who came in a special caravan from the West. President Grant standing at the base of the 40 foot bronze and granite memorial that crowns the hill was asked to say about a hundred words for the motion picture microphones. So the dedication of the Angel Moroni Monument was carried to many who could not attend—many who lived far beyond "Cumorah land," which stretches out for 21 miles in every direction. That region has been tracted thoroughly by eager missionaries who visited every household of every farm and village, leaving special literature and an invitation to attend the dedication. 70,000 people live within that area. 300,000 more live in Rochester and they saw pictures, read news releases, and heard the story on their radio.

EACH development in the construction and erection of the monument has been sent to the papers for many weeks. There was a story of Torleif S. Knaphus, Norwegian-born artist, convert to the Church, who, in his Salt Lake City studio, designed the memorial, hoping so to mark the hill that people would say, "This is the place where the Book of Mormon was found," and not "This is the purported place," or "According to some," or "It is said that." "A tangible statue of enduring bronze and granite may help to make the story really live in the minds of those who see it," he said, and that is what it has done. The newspapers printed "Joseph the Prophet," "the Angel Moroni," "Hill

LIVES AGAIN

Cumorah, where the Book of Mormon was found," "Science Proves Book of Mormon," and other such statements without the usual qualifying phrases. It was a new and friendly note in newspaper accounts of the Latter-day Saints.

One story, sent to 150 newspapers, told how the granite came from Vermont, just about 50 miles from the birthplace of Joseph Smith. Still another, quoting Don B. Colton, Mission president, called this our most important missionary project in the last two years, announcing that 25,000 copies of a new tract and 500 copies of the Book of Mormon had been distributed in "Cumorah land" since the first of May, and that the volunteer workers, receiving no salaries, paying their own expenses, had succeeded in creating a new and favorable attitude and in making the whole countryside "Mormon conscious."

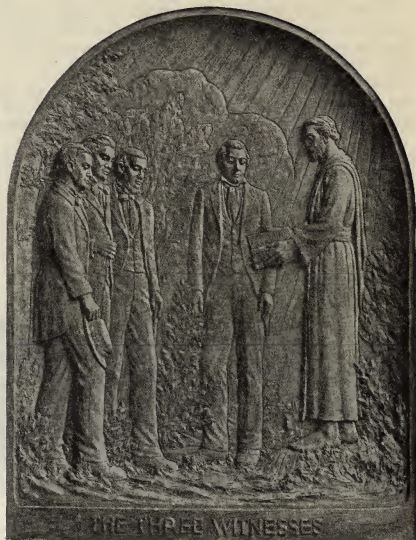
Old animosities seem to have disappeared almost entirely. Some ministers invited the Mormon Elders to share their pulpits on occasion. One little church near by (that couldn't afford to have a regular minister) turned Sunday School and the "preaching service" over to the elders on condition that the congregation be permitted to ask questions after the sermons. One minister, whether he really meant to say so or not, spoke of Hill Cumorah and vicinity as "Holy ground—just as holy as the place where God spoke to Moses."

The mayor of one village where we have had only two missionaries at a time before, gave street meeting privileges when a larger group was stationed there, saying, "Your religion seems just as good as mine—perhaps better."

A thousand people each week all through the construction of the monument have come to the very top of the hill to ask interested questions. Repeatedly the missionaries doing special duty at the hill-top ran out of literature and had to send down to the base for more tracts and Books of Mormon to reinforce their supplies.

WITH new literature, the incentive of the monument and

A LOVELY PANEL OF
THE HILL CUMORAH
MONUMENT BY
TORLEIF KNAPHUS



the dedicatory services, held July 21 to 24, the average time spent in tracting has increased and has proved to be stimulating and enjoyable. (It was a lady missionary who set the pace and outdistanced all others.) Missionaries here no longer try to pass out literature or engage in extended gospel conversation nor do they wait to be invited in on their first visit. They announce their purpose in missionary work, ask for the privilege of returning at a later date, when the whole household is present, and when they might explain more fully the details of the restoration of the Gospel of Christ. As a result, in many cases, they get more invitations to return during the evening than they really have time to fulfill—and people, even on the first visit, hold on to them asking questions they really want to know. Friends have been made and converts baptized from those who first heard of Mormonism in the newspapers or over the air. The Eastern States Mission's record of baptisms this year will be larger than that of many previous years.

Four hundred visitors in Palmyra were sent to lodge in the homes of townspeople who volunteered to give them board and room at a reasonable price during the dedicatory services. Between four and five hundred people attended meetings on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the "Vision Grove." Five hundred cars from twenty-eight states were neatly parked in the space provided during the Sunday morning session. All of this took special planning and is regarded as real missionary work. The Mission Singers, celebrated Mormon artists, electrical transcriptions of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ, as well as the General Authorities, were heard during the week over the NBC and CBS stations in Rochester.

A Rochester paper printed the history of the Church in four instalments, gave detailed accounts of the unveiling, and illustrated them well. Another paper featured a full page of Mormon pictures and story. New picture postcards of the monument were a treat to travelers who wanted a memento for home folks.

IT is not often that our Church has had such hearty cooperation from communities, newspapers, newsreels and the radio. This may mark the beginning of a new era in missionary work, in which outside agencies may be called upon to help our limited missionary forces. They should be used in carrying the message to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

The monument and the attendant campaign have been a great missionary adventure. The lighting of that great shaft at night is a soul-stirring experience to all who pass by, and will help to tell the story in a new way. That it was a real

A TESTIMONY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE
THAT MEN ARE RESURRECTED. ANGEL
MORONI MONUMENT ON THE HILL CUMORAH

success is attested by the kindly and sympathetic attitude of thousands who came and experienced a genuine spiritual "lift." The same reporter who clicked out the message that it was a monument to "eternal life," concluded his story with, "People came and asked to be affiliated with the Church. They will be baptized in the little winding creek of Cumorah."



Dedicatory Prayer

Delivered by President Heber J. Grant on top of the Hill Cumorah, July 21, 1935

GOD, our heavenly and eternal Father, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Father of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, we thank Thee that Thou hast again seen fit to restore to the earth the plan of life and salvation, whereby men and women, through obedience to the laws that Thou hast revealed, can come back into Thy presence and dwell with Thee forever.

O Father, we thank Thee from the bottom of our hearts that Thou didst see fit to reveal Thyself and Thy Son to the boy, Joseph Smith. We thank Thee that we have no doubt in our minds regarding Thy personality, that in very deed Thou didst declare to all the world by Thy personal visitation and the visitation of Thy Son, that man was created in the image of his Maker.

We thank Thee, oh Father, in heaven, that Thou didst allow Thy devoted and faithful prophet, Moroni, to visit the boy Joseph Smith, that Thou didst allow him for four long years to meet the prophet on this hill and instruct him regarding the principles of the

gospel, and fit and prepare him to stand at the head of Thy Church, again established upon the earth, the Church of Thy Son, Jesus Christ.

We are grateful, Father, for the delivery unto him of the plates, and that he was inspired of Thee through the instrumentality of the urim and thummim that was placed in his hands, to translate the holy scripture as recorded in the Book of Mormon.

We are thankful, Heavenly Father, that as the years come and go Thou hast seen fit to uncover evidences regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. We thank Thee, Father, that the claims that were made against the Book of Mormon, that it was false because there were no dwellings that had been erected of cement to be found upon this land and that therefore the book was false have been disproved. We are grateful that such dwellings have been discovered, that mounds are being uncovered, and that under those mounds, not far from the city of Mexico, splendid cement dwellings have been found.

WE are grateful for the radio, whereby the ridicule of the statement in the Book of Mormon that the voice of Jesus was heard all over the land, can be successfully met. This statement was ridiculed because it was thought that the human voice carried only a few hundred feet, but today through the discovery of the radio the voice can be heard around the world.

We are grateful that the ridicule of that part of the Book of Mormon which says that there were horses upon this continent has been satisfactorily answered. It was thought that because there were no horses to be found here when Columbus arrived, that statement was untrue, but skeletons of horses and other animals have been dug out of the oil wells in California.

We are thankful for the hundreds and thousands of special manifestations that have been given to individuals, yes even millions of manifestations, as to the divinity of the Book of Mormon.

We are grateful oh Father, that Thou didst allow John the Baptist,

who held the Aaronic Priesthood, the power and authority to baptize the Savior, to appear to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and that he did bestow upon them this priesthood, and this power. Our hearts go out in gratitude that the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, Peter, James, and John, came to the earth, laid their hands upon the heads of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and restored the higher or Melchizedek Priesthood, and the apostleship that was not upon the earth.

We humbly pray unto Thee that those of us who have received the ordinance of baptism, those of us who have been ordained to the higher priesthood, and all of those that have received a testimony of the divinity of the work that has been established—we humbly pray that Thou wilt help us to so live that our lives may proclaim the divinity of the work in which we are engaged.

We are thankful for the organization of Thy Church and for its wonderful growth. We are grateful beyond expression that notwithstanding the opposition and the lying statements that were sent out here in the state of New York and the persecutions of the people which made it necessary to move to Ohio, the then frontier, that yet Thy people prospered and that the numbers grew in the Church.

We are thankful that notwithstanding the opposition that was so great in Ohio that the people moved to Missouri, still Thou didst see fit to prosper the people, and that Thou didst touch the hearts of people and they embraced the gospel notwithstanding these persecutions.

WE are thankful beyond all the power which Thou hast given us with which to express our thoughts that notwithstanding an exterminating order of the governor of the state of Missouri, that notwithstanding Joseph Smith and others had been sentenced to be shot the following morning, Thou didst preserve the lives of these men, and that one of the greatest of all the great revelations that have come to Thy people was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in Liberty jail shortly after this decree of his death had been made.

We pray that whenever we read that marvelous and wonderful revelation the inspiration of the living God may be given to us,

that we may keep the commandments of the Lord.

We are grateful, Father, that notwithstanding the expulsion of our people from Missouri Thou didst bless and prosper them, and that they built a magnificent temple in Nauvoo, and that a great city was established there, one of the most prosperous and in fact the largest city, if I am not in error, in the entire state of Illinois.

But through the animosity and the hatred and the falsehoods of people, again the Latter-day Saints were driven, and they traveled 1500 miles out into the desert country to the Salt Lake Valley.

We are grateful for the preservation of the people. We are grateful that a prophecy has been fulfilled which was uttered just before his martyrdom by the Prophet Joseph Smith, on the west bank of the Missouri river.

"I prophesy," he said, "that the saints will continue to suffer much persecution, that many will be put to death by our persecutors, others will lose their lives in consequence of exposure and disease, but, some of you shall live to go and build cities and settlements, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

We are grateful that they have become a mighty people. From Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. We have 112 stakes of Zion, and Thy spirit and Thy blessing have attended the men and the women who have been appointed to preside in these stakes and who have been called to preside over the various quorums of the priesthood, and over the Relief Society, the Sunday Schools, the Primaries, and the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations.

We are grateful that in the far-off land of Hawaii a stake of Zion has been organized. Thy people have in every way become a great and a mighty people, fulfilling the prophecy of the Prophet Joseph Smith on the west bank of the Mississippi river.

We are truly grateful unto Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the hospitality of the people in this section of the country. We are grateful that the spirit of opposition has disappeared. We are thankful that the reputation of Thy people has changed and that today from New York to San Francisco, from Can-

ada to Mexico, to be known as a Latter-day Saint living the Gospel, is of great value.

The reputation of the Savior was such that He was crucified but after He has been dead for nearly 2,000 years men are beginning to find that His teachings were for the benefit of every living soul, not only in this life, but if lived, will bring exaltation in the life to come.

WE are grateful that no one can find fault with the teachings of the Latter-day Saints, that our religion is in absolute harmony with the teaching of the Bible. We are thankful O Father, for these things and we humbly pray unto Thee that our minds may never become darkened, that we may never depart from the truth, that we may never break any of the covenants that we have made with Thee; but that as we grow in years and increase in understanding we may grow in the light, knowledge, and testimony of the Divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that we have espoused.

May we ever be faithful to the commandments in Holy Writ. May we ever remember the teachings of the Savior while here upon the earth among the Nephites, after His resurrection, and His teachings to His followers and apostles upon the other continent. We humbly pray, O Father, that Thy spirit shall ever abide with us.

We are thankful above all things for the restoration to the earth of the priesthood, the power to minister in the name of Thine only Begotten Son, which has been given to us of Thee, and by the authority of that priesthood, O, Father, and in the name of our Redeemer, we dedicate unto Thee at this time this monument that has been erected upon this sacred hill.

We dedicate the hill itself and the ground surrounding it and all of the materials that have been used in this monument; and we humbly pray unto Thee that it may be preserved from the elements, and that it may stand here as a testimony of God, of Jesus Christ, and of the dealings of Jesus Christ with the people that lived anciently upon this continent.

These things we do in humility, in gratitude, and in thanksgiving to Thee, by the authority of the priesthood of God, and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A VACANT LOT at the



THE WASHINGTON CHAPEL—"ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHURCH EDIFICES I HAVE EVER SEEN."

ON a recent evening I sat in the Latter-day Saints Chapel in Washington, D. C., one of the most beautiful church edifices I have ever seen, and looked from the stand into the faces of thoughtful men and women who were interested in the music of an organ played by a master and in the convincing character of two sermons preached by intelligent youths. For some reason not clear to me, the occasion recalled to my mind a series of incidents and experiences which I am impelled to record as of possible interest to young men and women, particularly those who are struggling through a maze of doubt and uncertainty and are feeling for religious principles to which they might cling with satisfaction.

Twenty-five years ago, I recalled, I stood there on the plot of

ground now occupied by the Washington Chapel, a strange youth in a strange city, wondering about my heritage, questioning in my mind the religious teachings of my still earlier youth. I was, in fact, at that time, debating the wisdom of continuing my affiliation with this Church or with any other church.

I was away from home—a long way from home—for the first time in my life. No greener youth could ever have found his way to the National City. I recall that I had had a rather thrilling but a bit unsavory experience while passing through Chicago, my green appearance having invited a sophisticated youth to lead me into questionable surroundings. My hand-me-down suit, an over-sized overcoat, and a Stetson hat, Western style, marked

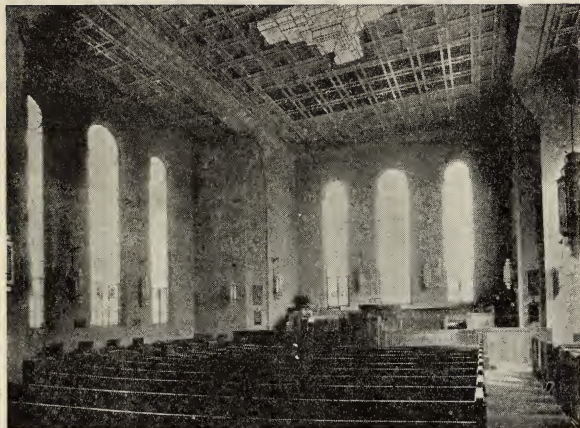
me a stranger; and my innocence soon landed me in a place from which I knew I should retreat. I got out all right, but not without some difficulty and a show of the brand of courage which traditionally attaches to hats of the kind I was wearing.

I recall, too, that my first glimpse of the famed Washington Monument prompted me to ask a kindly friend if it was a smelter stack! What was still more embarrassing that same day, the first day on my new job in the shadow of the White House, was my mistaking a "hurdy-gurdy" for an orchestra. The Italian organ grinder was filling the air with music which stirred me and I told my boss I was glad to work in that marble building but had not expected to have such a beautiful orchestral accompaniment to my efforts. He smiled tolerantly, I recall, although his face wore an expression of doubt as to whether I was in earnest or just joking. I was in earnest, let me assure you; so I was embarrassed beyond expression when, upon going out for lunch at noon, I discovered that my orchestra was only a "hurdy-gurdy." Its operator was a handsome, happy fellow, however, which relieved the embarrassing situation. He very kindly explained his "orchestra" to me, after I had dropped a small coin in a cup held up to me by a cunning monkey which seemed to sense an affinity between us.

THEN came Sunday. I must go to Church, but where in that great city could I go? There were many churches, I had observed during my strolls about the city; some of them magnificent structures, some more modest and to me more inviting; but there was no "meeting house"—no ward hall, of the kind in which the Sundays of my boyhood had been spent. Where was I to go? A welcome suggestion came from my respected room-mate. I recall how he had met me at the Union Station, es-

By P. V. CARDON

CROSSROADS



"ITS INVITING AND SOUL-INSPIRING INTERIOR HAS BROUGHT TO EACH OF US A VIVID IMPRESSION OF ITS GRANDEUR."

corted me to a comfortable room which I was to share with him, and then showed me the clothes closet in which I was to match his many suits with the only suit I owned. Later he introduced me to his tailor and in a few days I owned the first suit of clothes ever made to my measure. I was wearing it for the first time that Sunday, so I felt "all dressed up with no place to go."

"Why don't you go out to Smoot's?" my room-mate asked. "The Senator holds church in his home every other Sunday, and this is the day he holds it again."

"Thank you," I replied. "I believe I will." But in my heart of hearts I was suffering. How could I ever bring myself to go to the home of a United States Senator—to the home of Senator Reed Smoot! I was afraid I would not know how to act. I knew I would be miserable there. But I wanted to go to Church and I had told my room-mate so. He had offered a good suggestion, and I had no valid excuse for remaining away. So I went to Church.

It took considerable courage on

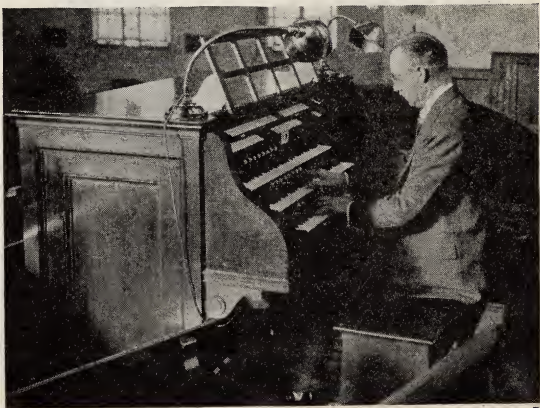
my part to step up to that front door. I had located the house by number, having been told that it stood just beyond the Connecticut Avenue Bridge over Rock Creek; and I was considerably awed by what to me was an imposing structure into which I must go if I would worship with the Saints. I was a little late, which made my entrance the more difficult; but I could hear voices singing in there—

singing "Oh, Ye Mountains High"—and I wanted to join mine with them. I felt as if I could cry when I sensed my nearness to friends from home. Finally, I slid into a chair near the back of a room—a library, stacked to the ceiling with books—and marveled at being in such a place. Then I heard someone blessing the Sacrament, and strangely enough I seemed to know every word and followed each blessing intently.

There were perhaps two dozen people in the room. They faced a row of chairs in the adjoining room, on which sat the "Brethren." I had never before seen Senator Smoot, but I recognized him from pictures which had appeared in the home-town newspapers during the hectic days of the memorable Smoot Investigation. He was presiding. Next to him sat Congressman Joseph Howell, who recognized me as a fellow townsman and gave me a friendly nod and a tiny smile. I have forgotten who else was up there, among the brethren, but, even though their backs were toward me, I soon noted the presence in

(Continued on page 582)

"AN ORGAN PRELUDE WITH THE MASTERFUL EDWARD P. KIMBALL AT THE CONSOLE LULLED US INTO WORSHIPFUL MOOD."



THE RED COAT

By MARGARET
MINER
HEALY

IT was a hot August day and the town seemed to open one eye lazily and blink it slowly. Hank was sitting on the shady side of the house whittling a piece of leather. Tip, a shaggy black dog, growled meaninglessly at a bothersome fly. Presently he stood up, pawed some fresh dirt and then dropped down contentedly on the cool earth.

"Hank! Hank!" shouted an excited voice and almost instantly Sam came running round the house as fast as his chubby legs could carry him.

"Whatcha want?" asked Hank in an off-hand manner. From his vantage point of eleven years, he was immediately master of the situation. Sam was eight.

Sam stopped a minute to catch his breath. "Hank!" he blurted out, "there's a circus in town!"

Hank went right on whittling.

"Honest. Cross my heart. I was up in the top of our tree huntin' a flipper crotch an' I saw it. A great big tent. Gosh! I thought maybe if we hurried we might get to carry the water to the elephants."

Hank went right on whittling, but he was working faster.

"Course, if we're going to let all the other kids get ahead of us—," Sam looked wistfully toward the road. "Whatcha makin', Hank?"

"A dog collar," he said definitely.

"A dog collar?"

"Yah! that's just to show any dog ketchers or any fresh guys that Tip ain't no ordinary dog."

"Guess everybody knows that with all the kids wantin' him. But listen Hank, this is a big circus."

"Well, look around the house and see where Bill is," Hank whispered.

Sam walked over and peeked cautiously at Hank's older brother. "He's in the carrot patch."

"Is he far enough over that he won't see us if we take the cross cut?"

"Yes, if we hurry," Sam whispered back.

Hank stood up; half brushed the loose dirt from the faded overalls. Tip stood up and shook the dirt from his shaggy sides. He yawned lazily and stepped close to his master. The three of them walked around the house on tip toes. They carefully lifted the squeaky gate and then—across the fields, under the fences, over the ditches, they were gone in the direction of the circus tent.



TIP

THEY were not the first to arrive at the scene. A tall thin man was already talking to several kids. Hank stepped right up to the front.

"Can we help carry water to the elephants, Mister?" he asked eagerly.

The man smiled a sort of a half smile.

"You could, Son, if we had any, but this isn't a circus—it's a Dramatic Stock Company. We don't have any animals that can't get their own water."

Hank looked disappointedly at the man and then disgustedly at Sam. He turned and with great dignity started to walk away.

"Just a minute, son. We're going to have local talent in an amateur prize contest next Friday night. These boys say that your dog can do tricks."

"I'll say he can," said Hank proudly. And he walked back to the crowd.

"What tricks can he do?" Evidently the man was interested.

"Oh, he can jump through loops. Can't he, Sam?"

Sam nodded hastily.

"He can sit on a chair like a human bein' and eat bacon. And he can carry eggs in his mouth without breakin' 'em. An' walk around on his hind legs 'n bow. Pull wagons 'n other things."

"I see," said the man. "Well, why don't you enter the contest and earn five dollars?"

"Geel!" breathed Hank manfully, "sure, I'll enter."

"Good work, boy," said the man as he patted him on the back. "We'll see you next Friday night then."

Hank and Sam and Tip started back toward home.

Hank was secretly all excited inside but he managed to keep a matter of fact air about him. When he arrived home he was careful not to let Bill know anything about the affair. Bill was sixteen and there were lots of things he didn't understand—.

The next day the town was afloat with hand bills announcing the big amateur contest. Hank Young and his Dog! headed the list.

All the kids in town started sav-

ing pennies to squeeze out the necessary dime. They were waiting impatiently for Friday night.

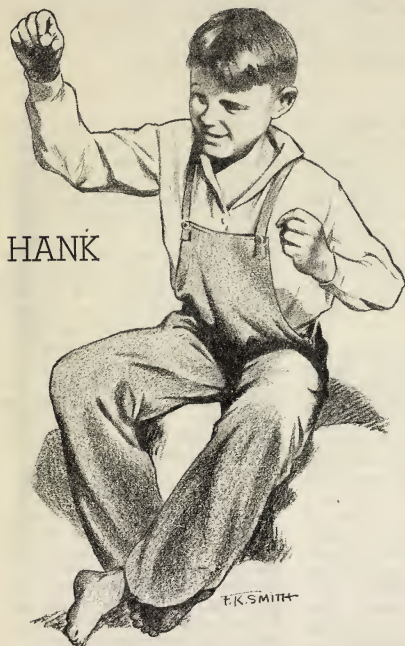
Hank was kept busy gathering the hoops and other paraphernalia. And Tip was being put through some strenuous practicing.

THAT afternoon Hank's mother was sitting on the porch darning stockings. She

Young and his Dog." She read it again as if she were trying to comprehend the meaning of it all.

Hank dropped his head and started brushing his bare toe along the floor board. When he looked up she was smiling an understanding smile.

"My goodness, Hank. What won't you be doing next?" She patted him on the arm.



HANK

TIP WAS BEING PUT
THROUGH SOME STRENU-
OUS PRACTICING

was a very motherly looking woman and she was always very understanding. Hank came in and stood around uneasily. He had a crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

"Is there something you wish to tell me, Hank?" Her tone was coaxing.

"Why, er yes, I mean I guess so," he blurted out quickly.

He opened his hand and started smoothing out the wrinkled hand bill.

"Here's somethin' I thought you'd like to read," he said after a minute.

Mrs. Young pushed her spectacles higher on her nose and started reading aloud. "Hank

"Well, er, I was a wonderin', or I thought—" he reached in his back pocket and pulled out an old red shirt. "I found this in the attic an' I wondered if you'd help me make Tip a coat? Him a bein' black I think he'd look plenty nice in red."

Mrs. Young's eyes fairly danced and she could scarcely keep from laughing, but she knew that this was a great day in Hank's life. He was so happy that any disappointment would be a tragedy.

"I guess we'll be able to make some kind of a coat, Hank. If it would make you happy."

"If it'll make me happy— Gee, Moms!" And he was so overcome with joy that he forgot

he was almost eleven years old. He forgot he was the leader of the neighborhood gang. And he ran over and kissed his mother soundly. Then he leaped to the door. Gave an Indian war whoop. Jumped down the three steps at once; and was gone.

When the Young family sat down to supper that night Bill wasn't at home. Bill was sixteen. He washed his neck now, and he had a girl. It even worried Bill about what other people thought.

Just as they were finishing eating Bill came puffing in. He was all excited and his face was red. He walked over and looked straight at Hank.

"What's the big idea of disgracing our family this way?" he demanded.

"Ah, what's the matter with you?" Hank replied defiantly. "Who's disgracing any family?"

"You are." Bill was almost in tears.

"What on earth is the matter, William?" Mrs. Young asked.

"Do you know what he's done, Ma! Can you even guess what he's done? He's entered that mongrel dog in the tent show."

"It's none of your business, I guess. He's my dog, ain't he?" Hank mumbled.

Bill snorted. "None of my business! I guess it's none of my business that I'll be disgraced before the whole town. What do you think Jane—I mean my friends'll think when my brother makes a fool of himself."

"Don't you think you're getting entirely too much excited over nothing, William?" Mrs. Young soothed.

"Nothing! You call it nothing to be disgraced? I guess I've got some pride even if Hank hasn't. That mongrel dog!" And Bill moaned. Silent for a minute, he started all over again.

"What does he think that dog can do anyway? Guess he's gonna have him sit up and eat a piece of bacon or something equally disgraceful."

HANK started to say something but his mother looked over at him and shook her head. She motioned for him to go outside. Hank shuffled from the room slowly, giving his mother one pleading look as he disappeared.

(Continued on page 586)

UT AQUA

By M. ELMER CHRISTENSEN

Utah State Chemist

OUR wheat crop may fail, our cattle die off, a depression may close our mines. For all of these we soon find a substitute, but when Utaqua goes dry, we have lost our best friend, our plight is sorry indeed.

Let us wander far afield for a moment via water to see what part "Aqua," man's greatest boon, has played. A great Frenchman, La Place, is accredited with the hypothesis that earth was once devoid of water. The first shower came as a result of the electric union of Hydrogen and Oxygen forming water in the atmosphere surrounding a hot ball of matter. What a hissing, steaming reception the first rain drops must have received. Cloudburst after cloudburst fell, and earth became a vast distillery. At last heat gave in and water gained its victory. Hot muddy puddles grew to ponds and ponds to lifeless lakes—the lakes to seas and then heaving oceans. And yet no life—only fire and water. Water, the Monarch. Life came after water (Gen. 1:10-12).

After water had mothered life and our earth had been transformed to a living aquarium, it started its task of nurturing a civilization. Man soon learned to place the highest value on a rich supply of pure water and towns sprang up. Today practically all the world's large centers of population are built on the banks or mouths of fresh water rivers, bringing their balm from the hills.

London hugs the Thames and Rome the lovely Tiber. Berlin was once a fish trading post on the bank of the Spree. Paris gathers around the Seine and New York rides the Hudson. Not strange that nearly every crystal stream flowing from the heart of our own dear

Rockies has nursed to prosperity one or more towns or cities. Salt Lake, Provo, Ogden, Logan, Richfield, Vernal and many others have some "Crystal Water Clear" to thank for their existence.

The Ancients, it seems, knew considerable about the dangers of polluted water and how to purify it for drinking. Chin Nung, a Chinese philosopher who lived before Confucius, is given credit for the statement, "Tea is better than wine, for it leadeth not to intoxication. Neither does it cause a man to say foolish things

and afterward repent them. It is better than water, for it carries no disease, neither does it act as a poison, as does water when the wells and rivers are foul with rotten matter." Indeed, we have reason to believe that tea, coffee and alcoholic beverages were originally but crude devices whereby water was made safe to drink. Yet it need not be considered that any of these beverages are essential to normally living people. For the usual demands of a healthy human, water does not have to be tealed or coffeeed, wineed, ginneed, sodaed or cocktailled. Just water, plain water, Adam's Ale, satisfies every normal physiologic need.

Pliny (A. D. 70) in his "Natural History," discusses at length the subject of "drinkable water." The achievements of the Roman government in securing for its people a safe supply of water are noteworthy in the annals of water engineering. Altogether the ancient Roman aqueducts totaled nearly 400 miles and supplied about a quarter million gallons of clear water to the citizens of Rome. The Marcian Aqueduct, built in 145 B. C., was itself 61 miles long and according to Pliny "conferred on the city by the bounty of the Gods, the cleanest of all waters in the world, distinguished both for coolness and salubrity." Evidently, the Marcian water would match much of our Utaqua for quality.

IN the pages of water history one of the most interesting chapters is that which concerns itself with the so-called "dangers" of water drinking. The terrible water-borne plagues that decimated Europe had instilled in human hearts a real fear of water. Sir Thos.



ONE OF THE MATCHLESS
SPRINGS OF UTAQUA



Elyot, in "The Castle of Health" refers to the Welshmen of Cornwall as men who "rarely drink other than common water—yet are, notwithstanding, strong of body and like and live well until they be of great age."

Another medical writer of the 16th century refers to "honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink than raw water and yet enjoy more perfect health than those who drink the strongest liquors." Another argument for prohibition.

Where there is no water, there is no life, no matter whether life elects to serve its time in the simple single-celled amoeba or in the trillion-celled complicated creature called man. Approximately three-fourths (73%) of the human body is water. A person weighing 200 lbs., no matter how substantial a citizen he or she might be, is only about 50 lbs. of real substance and most of that is just plain bone. Think of it, every time a 200 lb. adult climbs upstairs to his nightly rest he is actually lugging up the staircase a few pounds of dry meat, some soup bones and five buckets of sea water.

Plants, too, are largely water. Potatoes are three-fourths water, apples four-fifths water and watermelons are well over nine-tenths water. Total absence of water from any of these items renders them so objectionable to life that not even worms or germs of putrefaction or fermentation will abide in the residues. Indeed the whole science of food preservation by dessication is based on the premise that life, not even bacterial life, can carry on without its drink of water.

A few of water's biologic functions in the body consist of solvent, cleanser, purging agent, vehicle of vital forces, regulator of body heat and lubricant.

Depletion of water in the hu-

man body due to heat or over-exercise, results in thirst, which is nothing more than a demand of the body cells for water to keep their salt in safe dilution. For this reason, plain water is a better thirst quencher than alcoholic beverages of any kind, since water is a much better solvent for salt than alcohol.

Through the solvent action of water, all kinds of solid foods are made available to the cells of the body and through a like contrivance the needless waste products are flushed out of the body.

Through the simple agency of water evaporation the body is kept at its narrow temperature range of about 100°F. Sweating relieves the body of heat. A glass of ice water on a hot day is a gracious blessing but it does us many times the blessing afterwards as it steams out through a myriad of tiny sweat pores. Normally an adult perspires nearly a quart of water a day.

Dr. Wiley, father of our National Food and Drug Laws, has the following water advice to give:

A—Drink water when thirsty.

B—Drink water frequently rather than drink much at a time.

C—Drink warm water before breakfast.

D—Drink boiled and cooled water only in emergency, because boiling expels the air and oxygen from water. (Note: This ob-

jectionable feature can be largely overcome by pouring the water from one container to another several times after boiling. Ed.)

E—Avoid drinking water below 50°F. (This bit of advice he amplified with the following verse:)

"Full many a dumbell young and old (Continued on page 581)

The FISHERMEN'S FRIEND

By S. H. COOKE

A day in the life of a Christian Medical Missionary along the rugged coastline of the Pacific.



DR. G. E. DARBY, B.A., M.D.—THE FISHERMEN'S FRIEND

DR. G. E. DARBY, B.A., M.D., is the most famous of medical superintendents in our mission hospitals dotted along the rugged coastline of British Columbia. His medical services and Christian efforts are far-reaching, and deeply appreciated by thousands of fishery and marine workers of his scattered mission field along the stormswept Pacific seaboard.

Before the big run of sockeye red salmon along the western waters, by the middle of June we find Dr. Darby busily engaged in opening up the Rivers Inlet summer hospital, conveniently situated in the center of the Rivers Inlet and Smiths Inlet, possibly the largest red-salmon-producing area this side of the Alaska salmon traps. This vast area the doctor patrols with the *Edward White*, a little medical floating service station inadequate to care for over four thousand fishermen and cannery workers who are called north every year when the silver horde run is on.

When Dr. Darby is called away for this summer service he leaves his colleague, Dr. W. E. Austin, to attend to the headquarter's hospital at Bella Bella (an Indian name meaning *Beautiful, Beautiful*) and this doctor travels the surrounding fishing-grounds and settlements in the medical and Gospel craft, the *Thomas Crosby*.

Let us take a ride with Dr. Darby engaged in routine work on his weekly round of the salmon canning plants and the vast fishing fleet keeping these hungry plants sup-

plied with salmon. So the *Edward White* leaves the mooring buoy of the hospital-float in Rivers Inlet, on a medical and Gospel cruise.

In a driving rain, and clad in glistening oilskins, the doctor lands at the Kildala salmon cannery. I note with a deal of interest the result of a successful grafting operation in which over two hundred inches of skin have been grafted on the shoulder of a badly-burned Indian fisherman. The doctor examines the babies of mothers working at their tasks of filling cans

with salmon and the washing of fish.

A boat whistles a signal of distress in the channel. We change our course and come alongside. Here we find a marine engineer with badly injured arm, caught in the machinery, a gaping wound with a severed artery! Caught in the twirling shaft down in the engine room, and the flesh ripped from the bone! Certain death would have been the lot of this poor fellow, were it not for the work of the fisherman's friend. Make no mistake about that!

The errands of mercy are ceaseless. Here we tend four fishermen badly burned in a motor-boat explosion, requiring six weeks of careful hospital treatment. Over 4,000 office treatments and 338 patients have received attention in these two northern mission hospitals serving the northern fishing fleet of over 7,500 craft. It would

S. H. COOKE is editor of "Western Fisheries," and, consequently, has to keep in touch with the Pacific fishing fleets. He is a Canadian who appreciates the work of this Christian Medical Missionary. Mr. Cooke also furnished the photographs used with this article.



"THIS CHRISTIAN HOUSE OF MERCY"

be 150 miles to the nearest doctor, and the consequences serious indeed for these men and women, were it not for the medical services rendered by the fishermen's friend, No creed or color-distinction here. Wealthy visiting yachtsmen seeking sporting fly-salmon fishing, or poor fishermen—all are served, without question or favor.

A CRUISE of forty miles finds the *Edward White* dancing like a cork on the bosom of the open Pacific, in the rolling ground-swells rising on the fifteen-fathom banks. As the wind rises, we are reminded of the shipwreck of Paul as described in Acts XXVII, in which one may glean the conditions at sea under which the disciples of Christ still labor today as in the yesteryear at their good works.

Passing into Smiths Inlet, we hail a fishing craft, without response. We run alongside; to find a fisherman helplessly gassed by the fumes from his engine. He is revived. Three more canning plants are visited, and, having been on the run all day, we arrive back at the Rivers Inlet hospital at 7 p. m.

From the nearby hillside I cannot resist the urge to photograph this Christian house of mercy, snuggled so peacefully amid the towering cedars and the perpetually snow-capped mountain ranges of the West. Then, with good-natured tolerance Dr. Darby permits me to set up the camera tripod to secure a time exposure of his modest little spotless operating-theatre, in which a Christian surgeon has worked so accurately—even though inconveniently—but so successfully as to win the warm approval of the fisherfolk and the medical fraternity. I stress this

fact emphatically, because so many people are not aware of the fact that many of our medical missionaries could find more profitable practices in the large cities, with every convenience and social contact, than in missions at home and abroad, were it not for the Christian urge holding them at their posts so steadfastly. We must remember this when thinking of medical mission work.

Here we find the wife of a government fishery official on duty in the lonely north and a smiling old

Pathos creeps into this paragraph as a young salmon cannery worker in the north, whose wife has just passed on, comes in search of three sheets of galvanized iron with which to construct an hermetically-sealed casket, which is demanded by coastwise steamships, before they will carry out remains to civilization, and to loved ones. Such does not make for poetic literature; it does, however, convey a true impression of practical Christianity which appears to thrive so magnificently in the far north.

Here is proof that mothers and fathers are "sisters and brothers under the skin," where loved ones are concerned. A young Indian fisherman, with tears in his eyes, pleads for lumber and nails, with which to fashion a crude casket for his babe—another little victim of that Indian scourge, tuberculosis.

In talking with Dr. Darby on the question of the dying off of the North American Indian by the ravage of this disease, I learn that

the rapid assimilation, the passing from the old Indian diet to that of the white man, and the conditions of modern living, generally have much to do with this question, which is receiving the closest attention of the mission workers.

Our northern mission doctors and nurses have, of course, the more pleasant duties. For instance, the arrival of babies into the northern world offers a source of pleasure. And what a pleasure in this instance! We welcome Indian twins into the world, truly a very rare occurrence. Matron and nurses are excited! For good and sufficient reasons. There is a dearth of foundation garments with which to clothe these bouncing four-

(Continued on page 566)



ABOVE: DR. DARBY AT THE WHEEL OF HIS MISSION CRAFT MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE SALMON FISHERIES WITH HIS NURSE IN THE STERN

BELOW: THE NORTHERN PACIFIC SALMON FLEET BEING TOWED

Indian squaw, lying bedside to bedside, after the same major operation, both resting easily, which betokens successful surgery.

The doctor removes his rubber gloves, as a fisherman, who has collapsed at his engine with heart failure, is carried in, and then pronounces the verdict. Together with the matron, nurses, and a lone corporal of the police, the stranger receives a Christian burial under a white cross amid the cedars, to complete the creed of the Christians at lonely mission stations—succor the sick and bury the dead!



LOOKING EAST FROM BROADWAY DOWN EXCHANGE PLACE WHICH PARALLELS WALL STREET ONE BLOCK TO THE SOUTH
Photo by Bernice Abbott.

AN INTIMATE VIEW of the NEW YORK

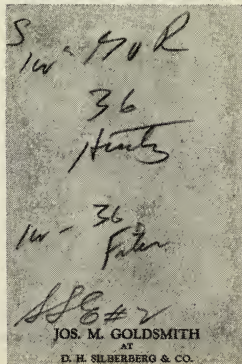
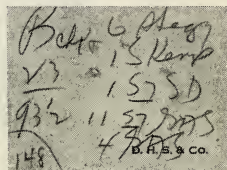
Thousands of people hear of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange where millions of dollars change hands daily, but comparatively few ever have the opportunity to visit it. Because of its importance and because a Mormon boy who worked in the exchange has written interestingly of it, we are running this article, which came to us several months ago. The remarkable pictures furnished with the article will give readers an idea of what the world's greatest money mart is like.

THROUGH the heavy wire mesh of the cage in which I am working, I can see a little grey-headed Irishman perched on a high-stool at a bookkeeper's desk against the farther wall of the room. He is Kelly, the commission clerk, and has been in Wall Street most of his life. Kelly's father was a wealthy New York merchant who speculated freely in the stock market. The panic of 1907 caught him holding a huge block of securities on margin with the inevitable result. It was then that Kelly came to Wall Street—partly because he needed a job and partly because he wanted to find out what had happened to his father's money. In the ensuing years he has completely satisfied his curiosity as to how money is made and lost in the "Street." He has never risen above a clerkship but, along with the rest of the "Street," he has had his lean years and his fat ones.

From 1924 until 1929 his salary averaged \$75 a week and tips another \$40. Bonuses came so often he learned to accept them as a matter of course. But Kelly was in Wall Street and Wall Street was on parade with a flourish of expensive good humor that made the thought of saving appear small and unworthy. He did, however, take his \$1500 Christmas bonus in 1927 and put it into the market. A friend of his was margin clerk in a brokerage house with which a

well-known trader had a large account. Kelly, following the leads furnished by his friend, played his \$1500 for all it was worth—always on margin and a slim margin at that. An \$1800 Christmas bonus in 1928, he added to the stake. His money increased in geometric ratio and by the fateful

AN ACTUAL EXCHANGE TICKET PICKED UP AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE



By MILES BURGESS

STOCK EXCHANGE

summer of 1929 his account was worth \$60,000. The crash came and when the smoke cleared, it revealed Kelly stripped of his small fortune and what was worse, jobless. Not until last July did he succeed in finding work again. Now he stirs long and busily over his ledgers for \$30 a week.

Kelly knows both the glitter and tragedy of Wall Street.

There are thirty-odd employees in the room—thirty-odd, efficient cogs in that vast machine of which the average American hears so much yet knows so little. We are separated from the customers' room with its polished mahogany and deep leather lounges, its buzzing tickers and running band of light, by a single door marked "For Employees Only." Yet what a contrast! In our room—the "P & S" (Purchase & Sales) department—there is none of the reserved, expensive atmosphere of the customers' room; we are constantly working against time; formalities do not exist.

Hardly has the day commenced before the room is transformed into a noisy den. The steel boxes, crammed with stocks and bonds of every description, are brought from their nightly repose in the vaults of a Wall Street bank into the cage which occupies a fifteen-foot square in one corner of the room. Here the securities are sorted and those marked for delivery during the day are unceremoniously dumped on the table in the center of the cage. Crisp U. S. Treasury notes, as negotiable as currency, lie side by side with third-grade bonds of a defunct railroad. There are tons of securities circulating back and forth through the canyon alleys of lower Manhattan—blocks of paper beautifully engraved and richly tinted, representing the wealth and the debts of the world—shares of great corporations, bonds of a government—the cards with which the game of Wall Street is played—and they pass in a steady stream over the table in the cage. Soon the desks and floor are littered with

tickets and discarded papers. As 2:15, the time limit for deliveries, draws near, the perpetual bedlam increases to such a point that only the trained ear can catch the constant flow of messages coming in over the telephones. By nightfall the room bears every appearance of having been visited by a hurricane.

Such is the day by day picture of the P & S department in any busy brokeragehouse in Wall Street. And it is mild compared with the pandemonium that reigns normally on the floor of the Stock Exchange.



Photo by R. J. Nesmit and Associates, N. Y.
READING THE TICKER

THE tickets are "floor reports" of orders completed on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The smaller one represents the purchase of twenty-three \$1000 Chesapeake Corporation 5% bonds due in 1947, at 93½% of their par value. The number in the lower left-hand corner of the ticket represents the customer for whom they were bought. The numbers and names on the right side of the report are the brokers from whom the bonds were purchased and the number of bonds each of those brokers sold. Between two of the numbers and the brokers' initials, you will see "S7" which means that those bonds were bought for delivery within seven days instead of "regular way." The larger report represents the sale of 200 shares of Goodyear, 100 shares to H. Hentz* at \$36 a share and 100 shares to Filer* at the same price. The letters and number at the bottom of the report represent the customer for whom the stock was sold.

*Brokerage houses.

THE first time I ventured into that austere and exclusive marketplace was during a hot afternoon last June. I arrived just after the "last" or market close for the day and gained admittance with my runner's Stock Clearing card bearing my photo and the signature of my firm. It had been a busy day with the ticker running 10 minutes late at the close. Although I had been working in Wall Street for several months, I was quite unprepared for the spectacle that met my astonished gaze. The surging, buffeting, shoutings of a sea of men over that great floor heavily littered with torn scraps of paper seemed to me the height of madness and confusion. And to add to it all was a tremendous din reverberating incessantly from the high ceiling. My first impression was that of a huge, indoor swimming-pool crammed full of wild, lusty

boys. I wonder now what effect all that apparent confusion must have on the fortunate visitor as he stands in the gallery and looks down over that mass of rushing men. (I say "fortunate visitor" because no one is admitted to the Exchange without a personal introduction to the reception committee by a partner of a member-firm.) He must deplore the apparent lack of efficiency in the system and doubt the accuracy of transactions consummated under such conditions.

And yet, whether he knows it or not, those men down on the floor are playing their precise roles in the greatest, most efficient market of its kind in the world. Every move they make is calculated and has a definite purpose. It is nothing for them to trade (buy and sell) fifty million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds during a regular five-hour market day. In the late 'twenties with their inflated stock values a two-hundred-million-dollar day was not uncommon. And on that memorable day in October, 1929, when sixteen million shares of stock changed hands, the cash value of all securities traded amounted to over a billion dollars—more than the total assessed valuation of several western States! Whatever your opinion of the Wall Street broker in other matters may be, you do him a rank injustice to regard him as inefficient.

But why, you ask, all this turmoil? Why all this shoving and shouting? Why is this disorder necessary? Frankly, what you see on the floor of the Stock Exchange is not disorder at all, but the type of activity required to keep that vast and highly organized market in motion. Buying a bond or a "piece" of stock is an entirely different matter from buying, for in-

stance, a ham at the corner butcher shop. Security prices are in a constant state of flux; they change not only from day to day and hour to hour, but from trade to trade. They are as sensitive to the law of supply and demand as the photo-electric cell is to a ray of light. And the ever-shifting balance between supply and demand is, in turn, a reflection not only of world business conditions, but of the activities of pools and "inside" man-

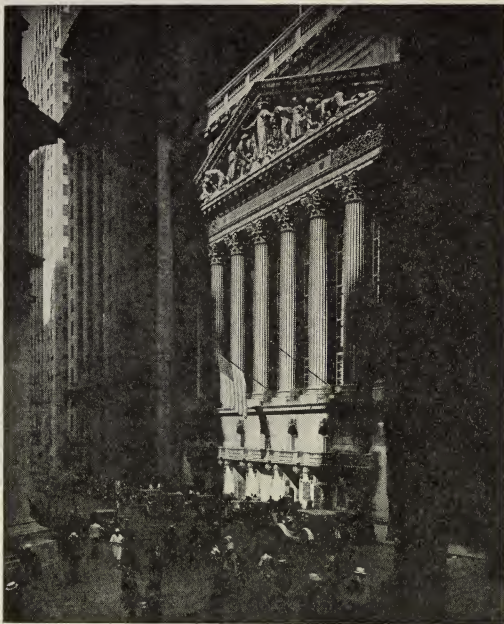
entirely and not buying the stock at all.

LET us follow your imaginary order to buy 100 shares of General Motors "at the market" from the time it leaves your hands until it has been completed. When the New York office of your brokerage house receives the order, whether you telephone it or give it in person, the order clerk immediately sends it over a private wire to the

floor of the Exchange. The phone clerk on the floor jots it down as it comes to him over the wire and hands it to the firm's broker, or, if the broker is somewhere in the crowd, he presses a button which causes the broker's number to appear on one of the large, black "boards" at either end of the room. When the broker sees his number flash, he goes to the booth where the clerk is stationed and receives the order. Then he crosses to post 4, where General Motors stock is listed. (There are 18 posts on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange listing over 1200 securities, so the job of finding one's way around is no simple matter in itself.)

At post 4 the broker's real work begins. It is his business to execute the order as much as possible to your advantage. Naturally, other brokers gathered around the post with orders to sell General Motors are anxious to secure the best price they can for their customers. Glancing at the report sheet on the upper rim of the post, your broker learns that the last sale of General Motors was at $30\frac{1}{4}$ (\$30.25 a share) and the last offer 30%. If no satisfactory offer is immediately forthcoming, he calls out his bid for 100 shares at 30. Likely, no one accepts this bid but perhaps an offer is made at $30\frac{1}{4}$.

(Continued on page 579)



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
Copyrighted 1933—Used by permission
Photo by Bernice Abbott.

ipulators—a reflection of that vicious struggle between the "Bulls" and the "Bears." So when you give your broker an order to buy, say, 100 shares of General Motors "at the market" (at the price prevailing when your order reaches the trading post for General Motors stock), you have no way of determining exactly what you are paying for the stock until the transaction has been completed. And if, along with your order, you stipulate a definite price, you are taking the chance of "missing the market"

Poetry



My Love For You

By Estelle Webb Thomas

HOW describe my love for you?
Oh, what can I say!
Like immortal blossoms
Which shall ne'er decay.

Like the breath of summer,
Birds atune at dawn;
Like a winter's fireside
When the shades are drawn.

Like the sea at midnight
Calling to the shore;
Like the stars of heaven,
Steadfast evermore.

Like the sun at noontime,
Staunch and warm and true—
No! Nothing in the universe
Is like my love for you!

Garden Space

By Florence Hartman Townsend

I DO not ask for acres sown to wheat,
Nor do I crave wide corn and cotton
fields,
With all their multiplied and cherished
yields,
But just one tiny plot, secure and sweet.
Here let me blend my fingers with the
loam,
And tend the lowly radish and the rose;
Here plant a tree and watch it as it grows,
And grow with it, and make this haven
home.

Here let me share the leafy quietude
With friend and lover when the day is
done,
Here work and wait in happy solitude
The early bird song and rising sun,
And who shall guess my garden's magni-
tude
Is limitless, though fences round it run.

Autumn

By Mary Stallings

DO you see gay Autumn passing on the
wing,
Tawny-haired, laughing-eyed, saucy thing?
Do you see the gown she's wearing—flam-
ing red,
And the perky hat of orange on her head?
Do you see her scarf a-shimmering in the
sun,
Blending shades of gold and yellow into
one?
Do you see her lightly tripping o'er the
hills,
Snatching all the brightest colors from
the hills?

Lovely Autumn, swiftly passing on the
wing,
Must you leave earth sad and colorless 'til
spring?

Autumn Etching

By Cora May Preble

WHEN Autumn leaves come drifting
through the haze
That hangs a purple curtain on the hill,
Within my heart I feel an answering thrill
Remembering the gypsy-painted days
Of other years—the burnished, winding
ways
That led us where the sunbeams used to
spill
Their shining threads before the dusk grew
chill
And shadows hid the woodland from our
gaze.

And now when Autumn woods begin to
flame
With crimson, wine, and gleaming russet
hues,
Their beauty is an arrow burning bright
That sears upon my heart your precious
name.
While mists of mauve, and veils of smoky
blues
Like smouldering fires, fade into the night.

Leaves

By Carl B. Craig

BROWN and green and yellow leaves,
Dancing in the autumn breeze;
Dropping softly past the eaves
From the shedding, restless trees;
Gorgeous colors, one and all,
On the autumn leaves that fall.

Scattered all around, they lie
Like a blanket on the ground;
'Neath the blue dome of the sky,
Summer's spirit to impound;
Softly whispering their mirth
As they nestle to the earth.

Through with life, their work is done,
Their reward is in success;
They have lived and fought and won,
Giving others happiness;
Soon the warm soft winds of spring
Another crop of leaves will bring.

The Window Garden

By Rebecca Helman

FRAGILE, sharp, persistent,
Down the window pane
Runs the frozen glitter
Of the sleet and rain.

While here in this small garden
On the window sill
Are growing curly parsley,
Leek and chives and dill.

In these few square inches
A hint of summer stays—
The scent of sun-sweet gardens
And succulent bouquets.

Pencil Points

By Jean McCaleb

HERE lie pencils of
All lengths and colors
How like people they are.
For some are dull—
Some sharp. A few
Pencils (like a few
People) will always
Be dull. Other pencils
(And people) are very
Smartly sharp for a
Short while, but the
Old dullness soon
Returns. Happily,
There are some pencils.
Like some persons,
Always sharp and
To the point.

"No Second Spring"

By Florence Moench

NO Second Spring," the title read
I knew that it was true,
The season never comes but once
Before a life is through.

At first my heart was icy cold,
It seemed so sad a thing,
But now I've found the autumn holds
A greater joy than spring.

Cinquain Sequence

By Edith Cherrington

MORNING

A POOL
Fern hung and cool
Is like a timid maid
Whose pale hands sway the door of day—
Afraid . . .

DAY

The trees
Which form a frieze
For waters of the earth
Are like dark lashes on the eyes
Of mirth.

NIGHT

A lake
Will calmly take
Upon her ample breast
The sleepy white robed stars of night
To rest.

Why Do I Love You

By Gwen Linford

WHY do I love you?
Can white sails say
Why whispering breezes
Lull them away?
Or fair-petalled flowers,
When day has begun,
Explain why their beauty
Unfolds to the sun?
They know not the reason,
Yet know it is true;
Then why do I love you?
I don't know—but I do!

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

By CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

ELSIE BRANDLEY has passed away!"

The brief message was transmitted from lip to lip, over the wire and by printed announcement and received by each one who heard or read in startled amazement. It could not be true! Not Elsie Brandley! She was so much alive, so integrally a part of the circle in which she moved that at first it was difficult to grasp the meaning of the words. Then as the realization of their significance gradually came, sorrow had its way and the tears flowed freely.

What a host of friends she had! How many lives she touched! From many parts came telegrams and letters of sympathy and condolence and others who did not write felt the loss just as keenly. The following message from Tooele Stake speaks for M. I. A. officers throughout the Church:

"The sad news of Sister Brandley's death came as a great shock to us. It seems but yesterday since our association with her at the June Convention where we received such wonderful instruction and renewed inspiration.

"It is hard to understand why one so young and so very talented should be taken from us. She was so willing to give of her time and her talents to the Lord's great work. Tooele Stake will miss her as she has been a frequent visitor at our conventions and institutes. We mourn with you at the loss of this lovely woman. Her death has caused a vacancy that will be hard to fill."

It is difficult to give a word picture of her life. Recorded events, however vivid, poorly represent her; they can but dimly portray her vibrant personality.

She was born in Salt Lake City, August 16, 1896, to Dr. James E. Talmage and May Booth Talmage, a kindly providence thus smiling upon her from the beginning in giving her parents so noble. With such a heritage and such an environment it is not to be wondered at that she possessed an intelligence of high order and gifts to an almost unlimited degree.

Her childhood must have been anything but monotonous to herself and to those who had to do with her bringing up, for she early began to display the intense interest in the world about her and

the originality and initiative which so charmed her friends in later years. Alert, active, into all sorts of mischief and fun, she was at once the concern and the delight of her family. As a tiny tot she once stole from her bed, into her father's study, perhaps deciding that it was time to begin her literary career. However that may be, the contents of the ink bottle found their way down the front of her little white nightie. As she presented herself before her mother a few moments later, the latter said, "Oh, Elsie, don't you think you are a naughty little girl? Don't you think you should be spanked?" With a demure twinkle in her brown eyes, Elsie answered, "I'd rather be loved." "And," her dear mother added, "she has been loved ever since."

She adored her father. As a child she enjoyed a comradeship with him which continued with increasing tenderness until he was taken two years ago. She accepted every opinion of his as final and carefully observed his wishes to the day he left her. When the children were small, Dr. Talmage made his teaching of English a daily practice in the home. His little daughter had the habit of using the word *got* incorrectly and her father would chide her by saying, "I *have* or I *received* is better English." One morning the clock had stopped and while the family were commenting on it, Elsie began, as usual, "I got—." Brother Talmage said, "Must I remind you again to say, I *have* or I *received*?" "All right," she replied quickly, "I *received* on the chair and tried to start the clock."

She was versatile in her play and highly imaginative. At one period she and her cousin, Elsie Booth, carried on a correspondence in three different characters. They were *Elsie* and *Elsie*, writing each other naturally of every day happenings; they were also *Pat* and *Bridget* writing as two Irish girls, sustaining the characters completely with vernacular, jokes, etc.; they were at the same time *Mrs. Sherman* and *Mrs. Lawrence*, two society ladies, writing of elaborate social functions, sending their children (paper

dolls) to each other's homes for visits. This power to make-believe stood her in good stead later on with children of her own and no doubt was in part the foundation of her dramatic ability.

The gift of language came naturally to her, and her remarkable memory kept before her expressions noted in books. When very young, she once begged her mother to buy her a certain attractive bonnet which appealed to her young idea of feminine apparel. "Please buy it," she said, "it's the loveliest thing I've seen since Queen Victoria's coronation robes."

At the Brigham Young University she passed four exceedingly profitable years. Of course she stood high in her classes and was an enthusiastic leader of the student body, becoming, in her fourth year, its vice-president. She was also associate editor of the *White and Blue*. Vital, mentally and physically, interesting and interested in people, always kind, smiling, she was popular with both boys and girls.

THE B. Y. U. is noted for the "matches" it has developed among its students. Young men of fine calibre who attended this institution naturally had an eye for superior girls and so it is not surprising that Harold Brandley was attracted to Elsie Talmage nor that she reciprocated. They were married in September, 1917, and as was said at her funeral, she brought a real son into the Talmage family. He has ever been thoughtful and helpful and was especially devoted to Dr. Talmage during his last illness.

The young couple made their first home in Canada where a rich experience came to them. Some girls might have hesitated to face the loneliness of ranch life with its lack of conveniences and refinements; some might even have refused to go so far away to make a start; but, true to her inherent capacity to meet every situation, Elsie laughed where others would cry, made a jest out of each problem and tackled the experiment as a real adventure. Even when Harold was called to the colors and was in training for several months, it was all a part of the program.

During his absence the twins,

Betty and Barbara, came—a great event in the family—and it was when they were but four days old that an event occurred which is illustrative of the way this young woman met life and its uncertainties. A letter came stating that her husband was ill with pneumonia. She read it silently, waited a moment, then said, "I shall not cry; to do so would only upset me and be injurious to the babies. 'This letter is four days old; if he were worse, they would have telegraphed. I shall believe he is better.'" And she began to talk about other things.

In this Canadian ranch home Elsie had the opportunity to meet real ordeals which put her faith to severe test. One is typical. It was a night in mid-winter. They were far from neighbors and the deep snow had walled in their little home. The twins were sick with croup. No doctor was obtainable. Desperately they tried every remedy they knew but to no avail—the infants grew worse steadily. Then, sustained by her faith, the young husband exercised the right of the Priesthood and blessed the children with almost immediate and, what seemed to the anxious parents, miraculous results. Many years afterwards, Mrs. Brandley, while traveling on the train, met a young woman who was smoking. The two began to converse and the latter revealed something of a dissipated life. She was impressed with Sister Brandley but pittingly said, "But you don't have any thrills in your life, do you?" Then Elsie told her of this incident which so touched the young lady that she spoke almost reverently—"That is a kind of thrill which I know nothing of."

Upon returning to Salt Lake City, the young people continued the building of a home. One by one five other girls have joined the twins making a most interesting family group. "Hal" and Elsie with their seven daughters have had the happy faculty of getting real fun out of the business of home-keeping and child-training. Instead of taking too seriously the responsibilities which have come, they have found something to laugh about in nearly every situation. This young mother, ever resourceful, ever original, was not afraid to attempt new, untried methods and they have, apparent-

ly, been justified. Household tasks were turned into games, difficulties, if not removable, were maneuvered into the background. Who of us who knew her intimately can ever forget her account of those stacks of little-girl bloomers which constantly needed new elastics, or those twenty-one pairs of stockings which she darned in between the writing of a paragraph or the reading of magazine proof?

It was in 1923 that Mrs. Brandley came into the office of the *Young Woman's Journal* as Associate Editor of that publication. She was well prepared with natural literary endowment and possessed, which perhaps was as important, a deep, long cherished love for the *Journal*, every volume of which she had read and absorbed. She herself had made some contributions. Those were pleasant, congenial days in the *Journal* office. It was a pleasure to work with her, to read together material submitted, to plan those little touches which made the magazine attractive and to breathe into it the spirit which made it live. In the many intimate conversations of that time, we grew to know the real Elsie—her hopes, ambitions, philosophies. Social conditions, recreation, the Gospel, Life and its meaning were discussed. It was then on several occasions that she exclaimed with deep feeling, "I can hardly wait for the last great adventure!" We cannot but believe now that it was all she expected and that she met it fearlessly, even eagerly.

In 1924 she was called to the General Board and from the first became one of its most useful members. Possessed of good health, sparkling vitality, enthusiasm for the work, deep sympathy

with and understanding of youth, she was admirably fitted for service and was eager to give it. She served efficiently on nearly every committee and wrote or helped to write a number of manuals, plays, dramatizations, programs, and assisted in preparation of general M. I. A. literature. With the other members of the Board she traveled extensively and because of her unusual ability and winning personality was extremely popular with all groups.

During eight months of 1929 she assumed the Editorship of the *Young Woman's Journal* and when that magazine was combined with *The Improvement Era*, she was chosen as Associate Editor with the late Hugh J. Cannon. Her impress on the *Era* during these six years will long endure. Through her pen she was able to convey the inspiration of her own being to the thousands who have read her messages.

Mrs. Brandley has made a brilliant record in many lines. She was a persuasive speaker, punctuating her remarks with apt illustrations and witty comments. Her style in writing was easy and spontaneous. Among her poems one best known and admired is "Mothers" which won first place in the *Deseret News* Christmas contest of 1927.

She loved flowers passionately and cultivated them. It was the flax fields and sweet peas which helped to make her life in Canada such a sweet memory.

Her reading was prodigious. One could scarcely name a book or an author she did not know. And her great gift of remembering kept before her constantly her personal experiences, the characters she had met in fiction, poems she had read or heard, persons she had known—so that it seemed that all her life was always with her. It is no wonder that people were eager to receive the inspiration of her acquaintance. By the example of her accomplishments she spurred them on to greater heights. She gave out love and sympathy unstintingly and received full measure in return.

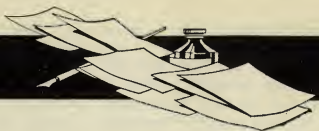
Elsie Talmage Brandley has passed—but not away into dimness or unreality. She lives today more truly and fully than when she moved among us. She has passed—along the way to Eternal Life.

You Spoke

By Margaret Richards

YOUR smile was a brave banner
Fluttering before my hopeless gaze.
Your two eyes laughed at my somberness
From under the rim
Of your yellow hat
And I remembered
There were flowers.
You said "Hello"
And the greeting nestled on my shoulder,
A gentle bird
Whispering "Courage."
"Hello," you said, and
Passed on down the street.

Editorial



ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

Elsie Talmage Brandley—Editor and Friend

THOSE who have had this magazine and the *Young Woman's Journal* in their homes have had repeated visitations from Elsie Talmage Brandley. They know her spirit, her philosophy, her life, for she was one who lived "courageously her life in harmony with her ideals."

Those visitations will now cease. Mrs. Brandley has laid her pen aside; has closed her desk, and has written finis across the pages of mortal magazines. Her passing was comparatively sudden and unexpected. So full of vigor, so animated was she that not only her immediate family and close friends, but all who knew her through

her many works, sat stunned and unbelieving until unbelief could hold no longer against the grim fact that she was dead.

She died as she has lived, courageously, a smile on her lips, a challenge in her eye until the light grew dim and the spirit withdrew from her mortal body. On August 16 she would have been thirty-nine; she passed away on August 2, at 7 p. m. Only thirty-eight, the papers said of her, and yet how full she crammed those years with experiences, many of which ripened into adventures in which she keenly reveled.

Brilliant and versatile, she could do anything

well and many things superbly, and yet she had such a vast store of what someone has called uncommon common sense, and was possessed of such a steady sanity that she could and did maintain contact with all those who needed a counselor or friend. Her philosophy of life was built upon the immortal pronouncements of Jesus Christ, whom she loved. Like Him, she was enamored of the individual and rejoiced in the evolving soul.

The youthful poet, immature and awkward of phrase, the story-writer, eager to create but ignorant of form, the essayist who believed he had a message for the world even though his halting diction made him stumble through his phrases—all found in Elsie Talmage Brandley a friend. She loved people and was ever eager to know of their aspirations. She was at the same time firm and tender, thoughtful and keen. She was tolerant with faults, but eager for perfection.

A glance at her editorials in the magazines with which she has been connected will reveal the fact that she had the unusual touch. She was like a flower-lover who, upon walking into a room where many pots of flowers stood could not resist the urge to rearrange them just a little, giving them a more artistic feeling. Through her editorials she has walked into our thinking processes and has rearranged our outlook just a little, not radically or severely, but deftly and tenderly—always for the best.

Many of her editorials have dealt with filling our days with joys. She was but announcing her own practice. During the present volume, among many other things, she has written that brief statement in the January number—"Holding On;" that delightful bit that every mother and boy should read in the February number, "A Boy and a Valentine," in which she wrote: "Boys, you see, are their mothers' accounts in the bank of life. Into the bank a mother puts every spare bit of the money-of-memory; the currency of courtesy; the wealth-of-wonders which comes with Motherhood."

In former volumes she wrote under such titles as: "Winds in March," "Let's Send More Valentines," "Contests," "Hobbies," "Impression and Expression," "Gifts For Christmas—and Everyday," and in all of them there was that verve, that insatiable desire to fill each day, each moment to the brim with life.

The things she has written will be treasures in the homes of the Latter-day Saints for years to come. Some of them will never die.

Those who have known her best, loved her best. She had a friendship that stood the test of time, a sunny disposition that conquered clouds and darkness, a ready understanding and innate fairness that banished difficulties before they could appear.

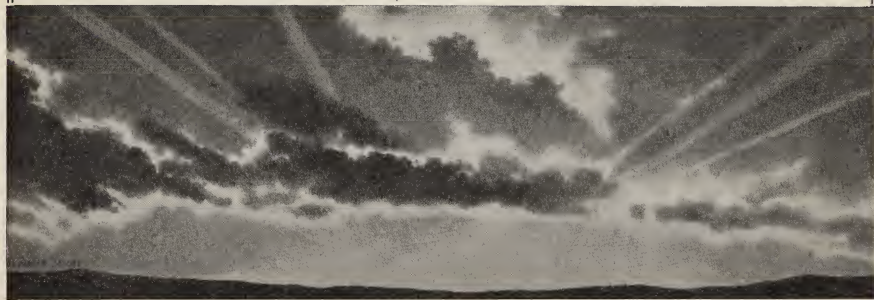
Few, even among her intimate friends, were aware of the contacts she made with those who needed friendship and advice—one on whom to lean. She has edited written matter from brief poems to lengthy books; she has written and given book reviews by the score; she has consoled troubled hearts and has protected the weak and erring against themselves. She was always among the most ready to respond to a call to speak at any function—club meeting, M. I. A. session, banquet of the alumni of her school or a get-together of the Adults, Seniors, M Men or Gleaner Girls. In other words, she gave of herself freely and in doing so found life.

The life that touched so many of our lives, that, like the glow of the sun, reached into the far corners of the world, has been transferred from these offices, from this city, from this world, but that it still shines to warm and bless and motivate, we are assured. Her passing was like the departure of a glorious day that was crystalline and lovely at the dawn, warm and splendid during the lovely morning, full and ripe and rich at noon-day, and glorious in color at its close, promising a brilliant morning whither she has gone.

Because she loved it and caused it to be placed in an anthology of contemporary Utah verse which she helped to edit, and because it expresses the beauty of her life and her departure we close with Lowry Nelson's "Day's End:"

Day dies in glory
Like a song,
Its last harmony
Full and strong.

Loveliest in death,
Like a rose
Crushed; or like embers
Or echoes.



The Challenge of Charm

"As We View Men"

"If only gift the good Lord would give men
To see themselves as women see them."

BIG men, small men, tall men, short men, straight men, stooped men, wise men, stupid men, men with a mustache, or men with blue eyes and straight noses, neat men, indifferent men—hundreds of types in this world of men.

"You have been honest and unbiased in writing of the charm men expect in women. Will you please tell the men some of the things women like in them. We believe men should inject some of the fundamentals of charm into their personalities," so wrote one of my fair readers. And so this little chat about men.

He may be your father, brother, husband, son, sweetheart or friend—like it or not, we must mingle with men. And they are interesting and wonderful creatures. You wouldn't wish to live in a world of just women any more than I. This great old world wouldn't be great without both men and women.

I like to believe that most men are good and fine. Too many of us are out searching for perfection, for an ideal. Do you think the ideal man exists any more than does the ideal woman? Why not take men as they are, dig down underneath, find the best and enjoy it. It may be fun to dream and theorize, to live in two worlds, unless those worlds are too far apart. We all have dents in our personalities. We are human. Could it be we like men because they are so human. They may be boys just grown tall, but they are most charming when the little-boy spots spring to the surface. Some of you may not like what I am writing. I don't ask you to agree with me, that doesn't matter, but do some thinking for yourselves. Space is so limited for discussion on such an interesting subject.

Some women will live a lifetime and never know themselves. They will live in a house with men and boys and never see the importance of understanding them. To cook, sweep, wash, clean, serve, get tired must be considered—but to live with and understand human beings is important. Happiness cannot and will not be ignored. Understanding is the beginning of happiness in friendship, success in marriage, joy in living.

How well do you know people? This little Rotarian song carries a great philosophy:

If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could plainly see,
And understand with sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

I can't know you, you can't know me,
The best in each we never see;
The kindly thought, the hidden word,
The melody that's never heard,
But loving acts and deeds divine
From human hearts may freely shine,
And through them only may it be
That I know you and you know me.

TO understand the technique of anything is to learn how to adjust the various parts in their relation to each other for the most harmonious, pleasing result. In music we must learn the rules of combinations of notes and the timing for rhythm. In life, correct combinations of people and things and the proper tuning of our speech and acts make for rhythm and harmony. In this respect if we do not know how to create harmonies, we can at least, avoid discords. When my mother scrubbed my morals along with my ears she often said, "It will all be easy when you are old enough to understand." It isn't years that give one understanding; it is an open mind, an open heart, a determination to look for and appreciate the good.

In a survey taken from a class of ninety-seven girls and women as to the qualities they most wanted in men, there were 153 different ones. Briefly these were the most important:

Courage, neatness, religious attitude, physical fitness, manners, intelligence, appreciation, consideration, character indus-

By
KATIE C. JENSEN

try, conversation, self control, self esteem, fastidiousness, thoughtfulness, grooming, cheerfulness, superiority, good sportsmanship, cleanliness.

One girl wanted a man that had a desire to live, to love, to learn.

Another wanted a man to know what it was all about—to know what to do at the right time.

Then one said:

A man who is kind and courteous to all women, regardless of age or beauty, and renders his little service with the air that it gives him pleasure and not because it is his duty.

Not one wanted a handsome man; several wanted him to look his best.

One underlined this comment, "We do not like baggy pants."

Many of them wanted a gentleman (and that's a lot).

There are many things we wish men wouldn't do, no matter how much we like them. I hope it's all right for me to mention:

Forget to shave, scratch their heads, pick teeth in public, etc., clean fingernails in public, etc.

Make a woman ask for money if he has it. Speak unkindly before others. Wear a hat with a soiled hat band. Contradict people. Scratch his ear or caress his mustache. Talk above our heads. Or say things he doesn't mean, and a dozen other things men do that we don't like they could help if they cared enough.

Do you know men who are always misplacing something? That isn't so bad. What woman has never forgotten her purse or gloves? Men do like to play martyr, but ladies, what about our self-pity complex?

"COURTESY"

THERE are men in the world who pride themselves on being "diamonds in the rough." We might tolerate these men still if there were need for rough, raw material. But there isn't. A rough diamond is never paraded in the spotlight. It carries with it the apologies because it isn't refined and polished.

Graciousness is the exhilarating perfume of personality. However,

sometimes, the stiff laws of etiquette are not natural to men. Good taste, kindness, sympathy, tact, appreciation, understanding, and fun seem to be the guide posts for daily happiness.

Most of them feel it is far more important for a lady to be asked to lunch with them than whether they know how to unfold napkins, or use the right fork for salad. It is their idea of "putting first things first."

Thirty-nine of the girls mentioned plead first of all for courtesy. Rude men are just as unpopular as sarcastic, bitter women.

"KINDNESS"

MRS. LAWRENCE wept a little on her old faded handkerchief when she said, "You see, Dan means well. He is so good to the children, but if he were just more thoughtful about the little things. Why, its the little kindnesses, simple surprises, a kiss at the back of my neck maybe, that makes the machinery go round."

Dan, have you become one of those men who remind one of a "robot" or a mechanical man? Do you give your wife a dutiful family peck instead of a kiss that makes her eyes shine and her heart beat faster with the belief that you are the best man in the world. Kindness and thoughtfulness cost nothing but are priceless.

"SENSE OF HUMOR"

SEVENTEEN girls in this group wanted men to have a sense of humor.

Many times have I wished this necessary and glorious gift (it is just that) could be packed in capsules and administered to some people in large doses. I should spend all I had for the life-saving potion and make some people I know take it even if I were compelled to hold them down and hold their noses to make them swallow it. If we were to organize more "laugh-it-off" clubs, there would be more fun in living.

Why can't we believe with the poet, "It is a comely fashion to be glad"—Joy is the grace we say to God."

Life without a sense of humor is like food without salt. "Attic Salt" is the term we use for the refined, gentle wit of the ancient Greeks, than whom no race lived

more beautifully and fully. Life will have more glamor if one can appreciate the comical and ridiculous. There would be fewer heartaches and divorces, richer living, if people would develop their sense of humor. A woman seems younger, meets situations better, is less sensitive, more mentally wholesome if she has a balanced sense of humor. But that does not include sarcasm, ridicule, giggling, telling funny stories at another's expense, punning, wise cracking. Try to appreciate all of life's comedy and whimsicalities. Laugh at yourself more than anyone else. A woman without a sense of humor truly misses half of life, and how can you expect to be all that a lovely lady can and should be if you have only half of life?

Over-sensitiveness, however, is only less tolerable than caustic wit. "Do you wear your feeling on your sleeve?" Some people carry a log on their shoulder instead of a chip. Can you take constructive criticism? Do you imagine slights? Do you think people are laughing at you? Laugh with them and see what happens. Mrs. Jones overheard her mother-in-law saying to the baby's grandfather, "I am so worried. I heard Rose tell John the baby had a funny bone." Do you respond when you are exposed to incongruous situations? Or have you a funny bone?

"Here's to the man with great wisdom, wisdom enough to have tolerance for others; with intelligence—the kind that enjoys the beauty in simple things; with strength enough to make children and women smile through their tears; who has the ability to see the funny side of life." Do men or women have a keener sense of humor? In an analytical survey of men we find they are no more the natural enemies of women than is the law of gravitation. Women seem to feel men are a factor in life that must be dealt with. The happiness or hurt she experiences through these dealings is largely a matter of whether or not she has considered the laws by which they live, move, and have their being or whether she has tried to force them into the way she wishes them to go. Too many women want their own way. Men are simple and direct. They believe they inherit the right to happiness. And why not. Why don't all of us

reach out and grasp our happiness.

MOST men are (almost all) surprisingly immature emotionally. They react on the pleasure and pain principle—especially in their contacts with women. Sometimes the most brilliant man seems to shut off his mind when with women and reacts as a child would who is sampling things in a country grocery store. Probably he finds some of them candy—some pickles—some crunchy crackers—sour grapes—ginger ale—and so on. Injustices suffered by women at the hands of men are not injustices at all from a man's standpoint. He didn't mean to hurt her—he was only frank and direct. Mental companionship is possible, but very rare between a man and a woman. It is the whipped cream on top of the dessert and cannot be depended upon to carry the burden of a union for very long. Business ability and relationships will not hold in place of deeper things. A man demands physical and mental comfort or he will misbehave. Women will torture themselves with a shoe that pinches while a man will refuse to dance with the most popular lady if his new shoes have made his feet burn. Women will go through everything in body and mind to gain a certain end or effect. But not a man. That is why the presentation of a love affair or a marriage is up to the woman. I never see the notice of a golden wedding celebration that a wave of appreciation for the woman does not thrill my soul. She has been a good sport and has found ways and means to make her man believe her way was his happiness. Don't misunderstand, men are capable of great sacrifices, they will go to war and die in patriotic glory, burn at the stake for religion, but they will not be uncomfortable around a woman. If he is pleased, that is what matters. A complimentary image of himself will satisfy his inherent ego. Sometimes extravagant praise that even a woman would run away from, is welcomed by men if given in private. But a man will not be made conspicuous or be embarrassed before people. Hypocrisy and insincerity have no place in charm or in the lives of men generally.

Men are wary—women have made them so. They cannot tolerate a woman who throws herself

(Continued on page 579)

THIRTY THOUSAND MILES FOR A BIRD'S NEST

By JAMES MONTAGNES



J. D. SOPER UPON HIS RETURN FROM
FOX E LAND

EVER since the first white man found the blue goose in the Mississippi region during the winter time, the question has been raised as to where this bird goes in summer. Only in winter is it to be found along the Father of Waters. In the spring it heads north, and till recently, was lost to mankind till the following winter. For hundreds of years the problem puzzled ornithologists and set them hunting. A German, Hantzche, lost his life when he was on the trail of the blue goose in the Canadian Arctic.

Since this mysterious bird was known to fly north, the Canadian government sent out scientists, and explorers to find the bird's summer residence. Included was J. Dewey Soper of Ottawa. He was sent to the eastern Arctic, and made Baffin Island his headquarters. For six years he hunted for the blue goose, winter and summer, by dog team and canoe, through blizzards and forty below zero weather, across known and unmapped parts of Baffin Island, across sea ice and glaciers. With two Eskimos he traveled the year round, visiting remote Eskimo villages seeking information. Once after searching two years on a clue given him by an old Eskimo, he found that the place where the old native had seen the bird forty years before, was now a deserted Arctic meadow. Visiting the spot in summer he found not a

sign of the bird nor of its recent occupation of the region.

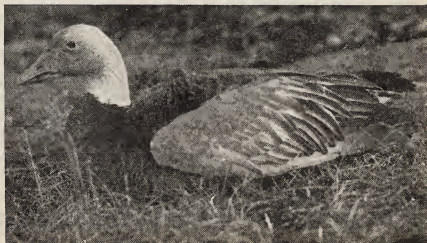
AFTER four years in the Arctic, Soper went back to civilization for a year. He had seen the blue



THE ELUSIVE NEST OF THE BLUE GOOSE

geese over Baffin Island, some birds had been caught, but their breeding place was still undiscovered. A re-

mote party of Eskimos had given him another clue however, and when he went back after his holiday he headed for Foxe Basin on the west coast of Baffin Island. The winter was spent with Eskimos in thoroughly mapping this region. Then came spring, and camp was made at the most likely looking spot. In June the birds started flying overhead, blue geese included. By canoe the naturalist and his natives followed. They found the geese on a fifteen foot meadow along a small river, but there were no nests. Thousands of the birds were there. Exploration discovered hundreds of nests eight miles farther and at another spot another ten miles distant. The search of hundreds of years had been brought to an end. Specimens, photos and many notebooks of data brought the information and proof to civilization a few years ago. Thirty-three thousand miles had been traveled by Soper in his search in the Arctic.



THE BLUE GOOSE AT
HOME NEAR BOWMAN
BAY, FOXE BASIN



BOOK REVIEWS



"Mormonism and Freemasonry"

By President Anthony W. Ivins
(Deseret News Press)

IN writing "Mormonism and Freemasonry," the late President Anthony W. Ivins might have grown acrimonious, for he was answering anti-Mormon insinuations and charges brought in an exasperating way. But he did not. And his moderation and calm confidence constitute two of the most impressive features of this last book he wrote.

The writing that aroused President Ivins was Goodwin's "Mormonism and Masonry," which has been circulated chiefly among Masons as book, pamphlet, and magazine article since 1925. It charges, in part, that the Mormons place the Bible upon a subordinate plane in their religious literature; that the L. D. S. Church employs rites, symbols, and other things borrowed from the Masons; and that the Book of Mormon covertly assails the Masons.

Although President Ivins wisely avoids taking up some of the weapons employed against the Church, such as ridicule and innuendo, he accepts the basic challenge. The exponent of Masonry declares that his organization stresses the Bible as "the inestimable gift of God to man, for the rule and guide to his faith and conduct." Consenting to this ground for conflict, President Ivins not only shows that the Latter-day Saints make the Bible the rule and guide of their faith and conduct, but he employs Biblical quotations extensively to refute various specific charges.

After sketching the possible origins of Masonry, the book presents "Joseph Smith's Own Story" of the origin of the Church, and outlines theological and scientific bases of Mormonism.

Obviously, the book is not a mere hurried rebuttal. Nor is it a comparative study of Freemasonry and Mormonism, as some are led to believe by the title. Instead, it gathers together many things on which the author's fundamental beliefs are based. It is, therefore, more than an answer to Goodwin. It embodies cornerstones of a strong man's faith, tested by wide experience and study, meditation and prayer, over many years.

In most religious controversies of depth, certain assumptions are made on both sides. Those who agree with President Ivins' assumptions will find his book well-nigh invincible. Even non-members of the Church, who may disagree with the same assumptions, must be impressed with the author's moderation and fairness.—C. C.

Hobbies for Everybody

Edited by Ruth Lampland
(Published by Harper and Brothers)

THE expanding interest in hobbies which is traveling over the country is given an extra push forward by this book, *Hobbies for Everybody*. Between its covers, about fifty busy and important people give their recipes for occupying leisure time; and give directions and references to others who might wish to follow suit. The regular gamut of collections is run—stamps, coins, books, etc., and the usual types of activity are described adequately and intriguingly—gardening, painting, stitching of various types—and in addition a fascinating array of different hobbies is outlined for the reader's delectation. Motion-picture photography, astronomy, cats, chess, beans, marionettes, soap sculpture, the theater, wooden toys, writing and "after all" are but a few of the titles of delightful and stimulating chapter heads. The editor says "A hobby is not merely a way of using leisure—it is a vital necessary outlet of self-expression . . . to be sure, not all hobbies are equally easy to ride. But the choice is there—to be governed by tastes, pocketbooks and moods. . . Again, hobbies are essentially not only self-chosen if they are to bring content; they are also self-creating. They may lead toward creative professional labors . . . or they may lead to important subsidiary contributions. . . They may lead the individual out into social contacts or they may give the respite and renewal which come from more solitary achievements." And in her analysis she manages to get to the very heart of the subject of hobbies and inspire her readers with a desire to pick out the most likely-looking steed and begin to ride!

Not the least interesting of the material in the book are the short sketches of contributors: Rudy Vallee, Don Marquis, Fannie Hurst, Albert Payson Terhune, Tony Sarg, Sigmund Spaeth, Ellis Parker Butler, Eva Gallienne, Dr. John H. Finley and Margaret Fishback being only a few of the many.

The one and only way to get a glimpse into what the book has to say is to read it. It should go on the "don't miss it" list of readers.

—E. T. B.

Kitchen Sonnets

By Ethel Romig Fuller
(Published by the Metropolitan Press,
Portland, Oregon.)

DEDICATED to her two sons, this book by Mrs. Fuller is packed with the enchantment of simple, ordinary

things. Many poets have done this in one poem, or two; Rupert Brooke did it beautifully in "The Great Lover," in which he said, "These have I loved—white plates, And cups clean-gleaming—" and added innumerable names of beloved objects and sensations. Ethel Romig Fuller has made a whole small volume of these poems. Titles of the poems tell much—"Doing Dishes," "Wheaten Interval," "Marketing," "Canning Season," "Hanging out the Clothes," "Housecleaning," "Window Washing" and others. "Cleaning Day" says:

Dust the big deep
Easy chair
Carefully, for friends
Sit there.
While you wipe
The window-sills,
Contemplate
The quiet hills.

Rub a table
Till it gleams—
This, an interval
For dreams.

Polish windows,
Mop the floors,
Do not cheat
Behind the doors!

Sun a house
From base to rafters—
Happiness
Will follow after.

Other work
May be a duty—
Cleaning is
Creating beauty.

One section is devoted more specifically to seasons, nature and descriptions. Another is the children's part, and lovely in the extreme. The combined effects of the subjects treated in the lyric manner the author has achieved, sets the imagination to dancing and turns thoughts towards the beauties of home and loved ones. Not sentimental in a single line, the book is full of sentiment. We love it.

Their Religion

By A. J. Russell
(Published by Harper and Brothers)

NEW in its approach and convincing in its revelations is this volume, newly off the press, which sets forth a statement of the religious beliefs of thirteen important men, the material having been assembled from various biographical sources. With no attempt to depict the characters as pious individuals, clear-cut proof is offered

of the fact that these particular men held their own religious beliefs, and held them sacredly.

The sketch of Abraham Lincoln is a delightful introduction to the volume, arousing as it does a deep interest in the subject, and being written in a style which challenges immediate attention. Through a series of incidents in the life of Lincoln the reader is taken, discovering along the way that the great Emancipator was a man of unusually high idealism. A statement made by Lincoln upon the occasion of an election, when it seemed that ministers were endeavoring to turn votes against him on the grounds that he was an unbeliever is impressive. Said Lincoln: "I know that there is a God and that He hates slavery. I see a storm coming and I know that His hand is in it. . . I know that I am right because I know that liberty is right; for Christ teaches us—and Christ is God!" The credo which he preached to his sons is also enlightening. "Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't gamble. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't lie. Don't cheat. Love God. Love truth. Love your fellow man. Love virtue. And be happy."

The chapter on Robert Burns portrays a man of Lincoln's opposite in many respects. Self-centered and sensual, Burns considered it his right to find happiness where he could, and the story of his life is not entirely pleasant. However, in a letter to a woman friend he set forth his beliefs. "That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that He must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery and consequent outward deportment of this creature that He has made: these are, I think, self-evident propositions."

Marshal Foch, Gladstone, Napoleon, Disraeli—these are painted in colors which reveal the trend their religions take, and it is conclusively demonstrated that each was actuated by his own religious beliefs, even though those beliefs differed one from the other. The story of Lord Nelson, England's courageous defender, is presented in interesting detail. His unfortunate infatuation for Lady Hamilton caused his name to be darkened, yet he retained his faith in spite of all his misfortunes. Just before Trafalgar he wrote a prayer in which he said: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself . . . I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Dickens, though informal in religious observances, declared in his will: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

Washington, speaking of departed friends, said: "When I shall be called upon to follow them is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes I shall endeavor to obey it with good grace."

Cromwell, dying, said: ". . . I love God, or rather am beloved by God. . . my work is done. God will be with His people. . . God is good."

And each of the remaining men is shown to have cherished definite religious ideas. The book is eminently worthy of study and thought.

—E. T. B.

Footlights Up!

By Housman and Koehler

(Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A LONG- FELT need is met in the coming of this book of practical plays for boys and girls. Designed to be used by lads and lassies too old for kiddies' plays, the six plays in this volume are admirably adapted to the use specified.

"Cap-o-Rushes," the first one, is a delightful combination of fairy-tale and real romance. The title is the nickname of a girl who has been sent away from home for imagined impudence, and makes a cap of rushes to wear as she scours pots and pans in the house in which she has found refuge. Her romance with a promising young squire of the neighborhood brings her family to the wedding, where everything is explained and happiness reigns. "The Treasure of Cardona" carries the ever-popular plot of the discovery of hidden treasure, and the thwarting of one who would secure the treasure unworthily.

"The Pony Express Goes Through"

By Dr. Howard R. Driggs

A BEAUTIFUL book bearing the above title has come to the editorial desk of *The Improvement Era*, but too late to be reviewed in this number. The book was published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, and was illustrated in color and black and white by William H. Jackson, the pioneer photographer and artist who has interested himself so thoroughly in the Oregon Trail and Pony Express movements. We are eager to get into the book and promise a review in the near future.

"Dick Whittington" is an interesting story between the lines, in which Dick Whittington is shown to profit greatly by taking the advice of his sage cat and turning back. "The Man Without a Country" is a beautifully worked-out dramatization of the story of Philip Nolan, and gives opportunity for some excellent characterizations. "The Bird-cage" is also interesting and "The Three Citrons" is as promising a little wonder-play as will be found in a long time.

The problems of stage setting, costumes and presentation are taken up one by one and diagrams for scenery drawn. The average group of young players will find in this volume just the sort of thing they have wanted; and directors will recognize it at once as the realization of their dreams and the answer to their prayers.—E. T. B.

The Fishermen's Friend

(Continued from page 553)

pound twins! The following fact is as true as it is interesting. When the mail boat arrived that day, bearing news from home, it also brought in the mail sacks two complete baby outfits, in a parcel of clothing sent on the off-chance by an Eastern group of mission workers active in this service. A happy coincidence! Rather, let us say, an example of the overruling Providence.

For twenty-five years I have been fascinated by sermons and hymns preached and sung in the Indian Chinook dialect. It sounds so strange to hear the Word in other than the tongue we ourselves speak. So the perfectness of this Sabbath morning is rounded out, as I sit with white and Indian fishermen, who have come over the mountain trail and by boats from the fishing fleets, to hear Dr. Darby preach in dual tongue.

Here, thought I, is a missionary of no small calibre, whose Christian efforts are doubtless recognized by his Church; a medical worker whose accomplishments are common knowledge among the members of the medical profession in many lands. Here is a man who must have received a distinct call in life, a man who takes God's gifts, pays heed to the Divine inspiration to develop such gifts, and then applies them to the service of humanity; just another fisherman's friend.

Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers' Message, October, 1935

The Value of Dependability

WHAT we want to make us true men, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right and the true and the noble, but love it, and give our wills and hearts to it."—*Kingsley*.

"The man who is working strives perpetually to fulfill his obligations thoroughly is continually building up in himself one of the greatest principles of morality and religion."—*Channing*.

Of all the desirable and ennobling traits of character an individual may develop none is more desirable, more ennobling, more helpful or more valuable than dependability.

The truly dependable person can be trusted in church and civic responsibility, in matters of finance, in morals, in word and in action. Dependability is necessary to the successful conduct of human relationships. Without it chaos would result.

The dependable person is loyal. He is loyal to his country, to his church and its leaders, to his family and to his friends. He may be relied upon at all times and under all conditions. He is true to trust.

Truly, dependability is a priceless gem of character and virtue.

The success of this Church rests upon the dependability of its members. Only as the General Authorities, Presidents of Stakes and Missions, Bishops and other leaders can depend upon those who are called to positions of responsibility and authority can the Church itself progress.

The teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ set the highest of standards of dependability. Strict honesty, trustworthiness, punctuality in meeting appointments and obligations and in filling assignments of duty, discharge of all responsibilities promptly and loyally are all included in the doctrines of the Church. Dependability, therefore, becomes the very basis of our hope for the future; and no less than absolute dependability is expected of every true Latter-day Saint. The Gospel teaches it. Our code of morals and ethics includes it.

If we are truly dependable and manifest this valuable and inspiring quality in our dealings with our fellow men we shall have the blessings of the Lord in rich abundance, according to the promises made to the righteous.

Dependability always has been and always will be one of the truest measures of real character. Its value never lessens. A reputation for dependability

is a priceless treasure and one every person may gain.

"His word is as good as his bond."
"If he promised to be here he will come."

"If he is given the position he will magnify it."

"If he said he would do it he will."

"If he owes the bill he will pay it."

"If the matter is entrusted to him it will be in safe hands."

When these statements are made of any man he may well be proud of such a reputation.

In the early experiences of the Mormon Pioneers, Eastern business men frequently paid the highest tribute to them that in all their dealings with the Mormons they had never lost a cent. No greater tribute has ever been paid to our people.

That statement should be possible today. It would be if the members of the Church would live according to the teachings of the Gospel and of our Church leaders.

Every Latter-day Saint should cultivate the habit of dependability in business, in the Church, in the home, in public life, in social affairs, in all dealings with others. To be a true Latter-day Saint is to be in every way dependable. The early history of the Church is filled with illustrations of dependability that will assist ward teachers in delivering the message for October most effectively.

Aaronic Priesthood Makes Splendid Record in Filling Assignments

IN the three-point Aaronic Priesthood Campaign reports for the first half year are decidedly encouraging. Several Stakes have already exceeded the quota for the entire year, while many others are well over the half-way mark. The Stakes which in the first six months filled enough assignments to exceed the total Stake membership are: (Membership of Stakes shown in brackets. Other figures indicate number of assignments filled to June 30th.)

Carbon	(5,914)	6,052
East Jordan	(6,596)	21,984
Granite	(12,971)	16,883
Grant	(7,030)	10,148
Kanab	(2,655)	3,134
Lehi	(3,259)	3,724
Morgan	(2,313)	3,134
North Weber	(7,072)	10,451
Oquirrh	(5,432)	6,753
Sevier	(3,727)	3,255

Sharon	(3,745)	4,797
South Sevier	(3,222)	3,596
South Summit	(3,463)	3,625
Timpanogos	(2,998)	3,733
Uintah	(4,806)	5,171
Utah	(9,936)	11,846
Wells	(9,603)	9,661
Burley	(4,421)	6,180
Malad	(3,847)	4,471
Alberta	(3,955)	5,183
Big Horn	(3,877)	4,195
Hollywood	(8,798)	8,893
Los Angeles	(9,055)	13,510
Maricopa	(6,085)	7,477

TRUTH is the beginning of every good thing, both in heaven and on earth; and he who would be blessed and happy should be from the first a partaker of the truth, that he may live a true man as long as possible, for then he can be trusted; but he is not to be trusted who loves voluntary falsehood, and he who loves involuntary falsehood is a fool.—*Plato*.

Snowflake	(3,730)	4,612
Star Valley	(4,369)	4,389
Woodruff	(3,775)	4,275
Gridley	(1,444)	1,508
Stakes reaching more than half of the yearly quota during the first six months are:		
Cache	(5,995)	5,061
Cottonwood	(8,409)	7,398
Emery	(5,724)	4,771
Hyrum	(5,029)	4,061
Logan	(6,676)	5,739
Mount Ogden	(7,535)	6,890
North Davis	(5,376)	4,428
North Sanpete	(4,784)	4,655
Ogden	(9,431)	9,002
Panguitch	(2,842)	2,480
Weber	(7,773)	6,583
Fremont	(6,896)	6,239
Idaho	(1,952)	1,764
Oneida	(4,376)	3,868
Twin Falls	(2,829)	2,382
Lethbridge	(3,069)	2,870
Taylor	(3,753)	3,676
Young	(1,660)	1,342

« PRIESTHOOD »

Suggestions to Quorum Teachers

(From *Fundamental Problems in Teaching Religion*)

○ OUR three-fold purpose in Teaching:

- a. To guarantee salvation of the individual members of the Church.
- b. To pass on the wonderful heritage handed down by our pioneer forefathers.
- c. To make more easily possible the conversion of the world.

"Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God;

"For behold, the Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him.

"And he hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance;

"And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth.

"Wherefore, you are called to cry repentance unto this people;

"And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father?

"And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me? (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 18:10-16.)

"For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." (Moses 1:39.)

If this is the work and glory of the Lord, how great must be the responsibility of the teachers of Zion, His co-partners in the business of saving humankind! Next to parenthood, teaching involves us in the most sacred relationship known to man. The teacher akin to the parent is the steward of human souls—his purpose to bless and to elevate.

The successful teacher ever views his calling as an opportunity—not as an obligation. To associate with young people is a rare privilege; to teach them is an inspiration; to lead them into the glorious truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is heavenly joy itself.

"Perchance, in heaven, one day to me
Some blessed Saint will come and
say,

'All hail, beloved; but for thee
My soul to death had fallen a prey';
And oh! what rapture in the thought,
One soul to glory to have brought."

Highlights of Quorum Supervision

1. There should be a supervisor for each quorum.

2. Quorums should be kept within the limits specified in the revelations. New quorums should be organized whenever there are enough members to permit of it.

3. Each quorum should meet separately.

4. Every member of the quorum should have the lesson outline.

5. The quorum presidency should preside and conduct quorum meetings, the president and counselors rotating. Quorum officers should be permitted to direct as much of the quorum work as possible.

6. The member of the bishopric assigned to the quorum should attend the meeting and have general direction, giving counsel, advice and instructions from the bishopric.

7. The quorum supervisor should instruct the quorum officers in methods of presiding and conducting of meetings, supervise making of assignments and filling them, and conduct the lesson work. He should relieve the

member of the bishopric of as much detail as possible.

8. The principal responsibility of a Priesthood quorum is to teach each member his duties and to give him the opportunity of functioning in his calling. This should be the first consideration of the quorum.

9. The member of the bishopric, the supervisor and quorum officers should take advantage of every opportunity to teach gospel standards—honesty, morality, reverence, respect for authority, clean living and compliance with the teachings of the gospel.

10. Every quorum should have the official roll book and follow it carefully. Quorum rolls and records are very important.

11. Supervisors should study the list of assignments in the roll book and endeavor to have as many activities as possible participated in by members of the quorum and to have as many members of the quorum as possible fill assignments. Assignments should be rotated in order that every member may have equal opportunity.

12. Members of the bishopric and supervisors should prepare quorum members for advancement in the Priesthood when they reach the proper age.

13. It is recommended that a member of the Aaronic Priesthood be given the privilege of delivering a five-minute talk in each Sacrament meeting. Supervisors should cooperate in assisting quorum members to prepare these talks. Each quorum should be given its turn in furnishing speakers.

14. Supervisors should meet regularly each week as a committee to discuss the welfare and progress of all the quorums.

15. Social and fraternal activities should be promoted by the supervisor for the purpose of developing and maintaining quorum identity, unity and morale.

16. A determined effort should be made by quorum officers and supervisors to account for every member of the quorum every week.

A Questionnaire for Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committees

THESE questions will serve as a guide to better Stake and Ward Supervision. Check them against the conditions now existing in your Stake.

Is your stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee fully organized according to the recommended plan?

Does the stake committee make regular visits to wards to check on Priesthood activity?

Behold! Eternal Day

By Ida R. Alldredge

(A tribute to Anthony W. Ivins who was a childhood friend of my parents and an esteemed neighbor in Mexico)

I SCARCE can make it seem reality
That your dear lips so often speaking truth

Can breathe no prayer of wisdom as of old
To guide the ever wayward, erring youth
Thy presence seems to sanctify the place
Wherein thy sturdy footsteps daily trod
To echo down the corridors of time
In the sanctuaries of our God.

A friend?—aye, more than that we're thou
To those who lived in foreign land away
Beneath the tropic skies of Mexico
The land of fruits and flowers and song
and play

The land of manana and the dusky child
Whose faith in thee was beautiful to ken
Thy patience and thy wisdom ever clear
Enshrined thy memory in the hearts of men.

The many saints from that far distant land
Though scattered now o'er every land and sea

Will ever cherish deep within their souls
A sweet and sacred love and faith in thee;
Thou art not dead, but just a step ahead
Of those you loved and helped along the way

And when the Benediction has been said
The veil will be removed, Behold! Eternal Day!

Does your stake committee get regular monthly reports from all ward committees?

Does your stake committee send monthly reports to the Stake Presidency?

Does your stake committee plan and carry forward a definite plan of social and fraternal activities?

Are your Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committees all organized and operating according to the recommended plan?

Do the quorums and classes follow the order of business provided in the lesson books?

Are assignments made to each member of Aaronic Priesthood each week?

Are these assignments followed up and reported on?

Are the regular lessons followed?

Are the Book of Remembrance lessons being given?

Do Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committees all meet weekly?

Do supervisors check attendance regularly and follow up inactive members?

Do ward supervisors meet regularly with the Ward Correlation Committee?

Do supervisors check on attendance of their quorum members at Sunday School, M. I. A., and Seminary.

Do ward committees plan and carry forward a definite program of social and fraternal activities for quorum members?

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Plan Making Splendid Progress

REPORTS continue to come to the Presiding Bishopric of progress and success in Adult Aaronic Priesthood Groups. This comparatively new movement in the Church is making great gains.

Timpanogos Stake reports encouraging results in this group. To further stimulate activity through setting up an activity project the Stake Presidency has assigned to this group the building of a monument to commemorate the first battle between the Indians and the Pioneers. It occurred in February of 1849. The site was first called Battle Creek but is now Pleasant Grove.

Committees of Adult Aaronic Priesthood members to provide finance and design and build the monument under the direction of the Stake Presidency and the High Council Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

Appreciates Era Material

Bp. Sylvester Q. Cannon,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Dear Brother:

I SINCERELY appreciate the suggestions that are printed from time

When I'm Gone

By R. Stanley Johns

If when I'm gone my boys can say,—
Dad did his best in every way
To make of us strong men and true,—
Then I will think my task is through.

If when I'm gone my girls can say,—
Dad did his best from day to day,
To keep us sweet and kind and good—
I will have done the best I could.

If my associates at work
Can say, he never tried to shrink,
But did his job in a manly way,—
That's all I'll care for them to say.

If those I've met along the way
Can really mean and truly say,
He eased our burden and lightened sorrow,
I'll have no fear of the tomorrow.

Dear helpmate, if I've done for you
Those things that made my love ring true,
If you can say I really tried,
Then I can pass on, satisfied.

Dear Lord, if I, in my life's span,
Have always tried to be a man,
If to friends and neighbors I've been true,
I will have no fear of meeting you.

to time in the Era, as well as other information that is sent from your office, pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood Work. I am enclosing a sample page of a book of ages that I have arranged for the use of the Committee of which I have the privilege of being chairman, wondering if it will be of any assistance to others engaged in the work with the boys.

I feel that personal interest in a boy is one of the best ways to gain his confidence.

This book is so arranged that each month the age of every boy whose birthday is in that month is determined at a glance. When he is old enough to be advanced, he is invited to meet

with the Committee, his privileges talked over, as well as any other matter we feel necessary, then he is given a written recommendation to the Bishopric. After they talk to him he is presented to the public as recommended, then ordained in his quorum meeting.

Hoping that this may be of assistance to someone, also that the coming year will be a happy and prosperous one for you, as well as one with a bountiful harvest of the souls of our boys, is the sincere wish of your brother in the work.

Joseph M. Richardsor

A Thought for Quorum Supervisors

THE WILLOW AN INSPIRATION

ON one occasion a man rode on horseback into a neighbor's yard carrying a freshly cut willow which he had been using as a switch. After transacting the business which prompted his visit he left, but neglected to take the willow with him. Just to see if the willow would take root the neighbor planted it and cared for it. The willow did take root and grew and flourished. As new growth appeared, the young tree was trimmed and many of the new cuttings were planted at various points on the farm where there was water. These cuttings in recent years have attained great size and still are producing new growth.

By way of comparison, many wonderful teachers have given "cuttings" of their wisdom and have planted valuable ideals in the lives and minds of their students. These ideas have been enlarged through service and have been passed on to others without constituting a loss to the giver.

Just as the willow cuttings found root and grew through the years, so can high ideals be transplanted into the lives and can influence the character of others. Also, the same principle applies to less desirable characteristics which leads to the conclusion: We all are capable of inspiring others. How careful we should be to make sure this inspiration is uplifting in nature.



MEMBERS OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AT ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

The Value of Careful Planning

PLANNING presupposes a conceived purpose. When we speak of the "value of careful planning," therefore, we must have in mind planning to a foreseen end. Obviously unless we have first seen clearly what we are planning for, we cannot plan effectively. Our first question, therefore, is, what is it we hope to do? Why do we as an organization exist?

Our name implies that our purpose is "improvement." It implies further that it is we ourselves who are the subjects of our endeavor, for the improvement is to be "mutual." We are not primarily reformers of the world at large, but rather reformers, that is to say, improvers of ourselves. Out of this rises the further implication that we are not divided into givers and receivers, but that we as individual units are contributors, united as collaborators in an endeavor by which we hope to better our own qualities. There is no more worthy nor difficult task. Self-improvement carried to its maximum of possibility means the realization of the whole purpose of life. On it may be said to "hang all the law and the prophets."

The founder of our organization, President Brigham Young, said:

"If I do not learn what is in the world from first to last somebody will be wiser than I am. I intend to know the whole of it. . . . In the experiences of our lives we are taught many principles that are worthy of the most intelligent on earth. The first great principle that ought to occupy the attention of mankind, that should be understood by the child and the adult, and which is the main spring of all action, whether people understand it or not, is the principle of improvement. The principle of increase, of exaltation, of adding to what we already possess, is the grand moving principle and cause of the actions of the children of men."

The word "improvement" is susceptible of use relative to many different subjects. Betterment of anything may properly be said to be an improvement of it. But we are presently using the term in a more restricted sense. We are not here seeking to improve our fertile acres, or the product of our factories, or the breed of our cattle. We are seeking rather to improve the race of men. We seek to do it in the only known way, namely, 570

By A. E. BOWEN

General Superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A.

This message was prepared for the M. I. A. workers of all the Church; since, comparatively, so few actually heard it and since it is an important and vital message for all, we are printing it in full in "The Improvement Era." It is worthy of being perused and studied by all who are bent upon making a success of their own lives as well as of the organizations of the Church over which they preside.

by improving ourselves. Our task is superlative; our planning should be commensurate. Whence shall we derive the requisite wisdom?

I HAVE said that mutual improvement implies joint contribution or collaboration—reciprocal giving and receiving. But that does not signify that there shall not be leadership. Indeed it requires leadership of the highest order to bring it about that each member shall be an active, contributing participant. We who are here this morning, have undertaken to be the guides, directing and leading and pointing the way to the desired goal. It is to this end that we must plan.

It is a difficult thing to plan one's own life; it is vastly more difficult to plan the life of another. When we build with physical materials we may experiment and if not pleased with the result we may tear down, refashion, and build anew. Nothing is lost but time and effort. In building a life it is not so. Each decision and consequent act constitutes an experience, and each experience becomes a permanent and enduring part of the edifice we seek to rear.

The finished structure, the character of the individual, may perhaps be said to be the final result of the blending in him of all his life's experiences. His physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional responses to the things of life as they wash about him form themselves into a pattern and that pattern is the man. In building with physical materials we watch the growing process and are presently made aware of every varying mani-

festation. Life building, on the other hand, is such a slow unfolding that we seldom note the growth. The fashioning processes are so unobtrusive and so subtle in their operations that we do not note them till a result has been achieved. Then something has already been done. If we do not like the resultant feature of our structure we cannot perform a quick removal operation. The most we can do is to set about the task of building up a more dominant counter feature to take, in time, control over and to obscure the undesired one. And so our structure grows.

EACH life moreover, differs from every other, with its possibilities for improvement and its ultimate fruition conditioned by its heritage from the past. These conditioning factors are in large measure unknown to us. Not every life can be reared into the same kind of structure. Neither do all our building materials lend themselves to the same kind of treatment. The builder must learn to know the limits of the strain and the stress the material will bear. He must not subject them to more. Neither must he permit them to weaken and waste from want of demand for what their strength will yield. They are subject to change. Knowledge concerning them is imperfect. Experience must direct modifications and alterations in procedure as new manifestations reveal themselves. The task is intricate and complex. Almost we shrink before it as from the unattainable. But we cannot abandon our lives to the decrees of chance and so must rally to their challenge.

Since we cannot successfully deal with that we do not understand, we must seek understanding through a wider knowledge concerning life and its manifestations. We must seek to provide the stimuli which will call into action the noblest impulses and to create the conditions of moral and spiritual atmosphere in which they will thrive. We must lead away from the swamps and stagnant places, where corruption gathers, out into the moving current, sweetened by directed motion and rendered exhilarating by the purifying breezes which play in open places. Such is the task for which we must plan.

To this end we devise programs, the first concrete step in our planning. Back of it are study and decisions, of which the programs are the definite results. Success depends upon two things (1) that the program must be sound in its conception, (2) that it must be executed in the spirit in which it is conceived. The first is primarily, though not exclusively, the job of the General Board; the second is almost wholly the task of the workers in the wards and stakes. Each can contribute something to the other in the way of calling attention to the teachings of experience growing out of the execution of their respective tasks.

The program must be so fashioned and ordered as to stimulate ennobling impulses and afford a means for their expression. A useful and abundant life is not built by assembling the materials of which it may be made and leaving them for passive observation and contemplation. It is made by an actual practice of the virtues. "Talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether," says Carlyle. Our program must stimulate to action.

BUT we must remember, too, that action is not necessarily synonymous with progress. There is a great deal of action which leads to no important result. We may say of that what Carlyle said of the same class of talk. It would be "better suppressed altogether." Our program must, therefore, stimulate us who are set out for mutual improvement, to such actions as will build into our lives the qualities which will combine to make them approach the divine.

We cannot hope to bring into our program all that it is good and

desirable for man to know. There are included in the realm of human knowledge many things which we cannot compass. There are other agencies better equipped with facilities for dealing with them. We should leave them to be dealt with where it can best be done.

Our program should, however, and it is intended to, and we hope does stimulate vigorous mental effort. There is and should be brought within its compass a study of the laws of our own being, and of our ultimate possibilities and destiny and of our proper relationships with our fellows.

Both for our guidance and for the leadership of others we need to know what may be known about human behavior and the means of stimulating response to the course of conduct best calculated to eventuate in a well ordered life.

It would appear that man's knowledge concerning the physical universe about him has outrun his knowledge concerning himself and his own proper human relationships. We live in a day of applied physical sciences, but seem not to have progressed very far in the science of human engineering. Some progress has been made in the accumulation of knowledge concerning human personality and behavior, but the application of that knowledge has not been reduced to a very trustworthy system. It is a field in which quackery thrives. But this does not mean that we should ignore what the social sciences have to offer. It does mean that we should consider it discriminatingly. Human nature we need to understand. The causes for human behavior we need to know. The means of inducing proper behavior we need to evolve. Our program should be responsive to these needs. Knowledge of ourselves and the things about us we should acquire; the habit of behaving with justice in all the things with which we have to deal we should nurture; the refinements that make association with others refreshing and agreeable, we should develop; the arts and the graces which embellish life and lift it above the realm of animal existence we should cultivate; sound, vigorous bodies with perfection of function in all their parts we should strive for.

And to this end we have evolved a program of study, of music, of

art, of speech, of portrayal of physical endeavor, all that we might grow into the embodiment of the perfected attributes of knowledge, wisdom, power, grace and refinement.

BUT the program, however great its merits, counts for nothing unless it is efficiently executed. This calls for painstaking preparation on the part of those who promote it. The teacher who conducts a study period must know not only the subject-matter to be dealt with, but the means of stimulating in the assembled group a desire to get the lesson conveyed. If he can stimulate them with a desire to know for themselves and to do for themselves he has done about all that one human being can do for another, at least, all that it is really worth while that one should do for another. Knowledge cannot be transmitted nor conveyed. It comes only to the earnest seeker. If you want those assembled for "mutual improvement" to get knowledge you must find some means of making them want knowledge. You may point out to them the sources of knowledge, the repositories of learning and of wisdom, but they must go and get it. Your task is not done unless you have aroused in them a compelling desire to know which they needs must satisfy by going after.

The same law holds for every feature of our program. If one desires to acquire physical grace he must practice rhythm of action until grace has been integrated into all his physical movements. If he desires to be pleasing in his intercourse with others he must act habitually with consideration for others and must efface all the signs manual of the boor.

BUT to what end do we seek knowledge? Why do we strive for mastery of the voice so that its tones whether it be used for speaking or for singing shall be pleasing? Why do we covet physical perfection, composure, poise and the other qualities thought to be desirable? By the very process of acquiring them we subject ourselves to a certain discipline, and self mastery lies at the very foundation of substantial character. It is, however, wholly possible to have acquired vast knowledge, to have attained great mastery of the fine arts, to have trained one's self to ease and composure in any pres-

ence, and still to be lacking in the qualities of manhood.

Our task as leaders shall not have been done unless the knowledge, the acquisition of which we have stimulated, has been turned to good purposes; unless the music and the poetry that have been listened to, or created, have stimulated emotions of ethereal purity; unless the grace and the charm and the composure that we have induced the cultivation of are the manifestations of an inner serenity born of a conscious unity with the divine creator.

The teacher's task is not accomplished unless his teachings have reflected themselves in terms of life. We have not done much if we have made merely a catalog of the virtues and have taught the names by which they are known. Ever since the day when God spoke to Moses out of the clouds on Sinai we have had the command, "thou shalt not steal." Everyone knows the words of the command. And yet men steal; they covet; they bear false witness; they set up to themselves strange gods to whom they bow down. "We believe in being honest," but in practice we are not honest. The teacher's work is not well done until these virtues have ceased to be abstractions and have come to be integral parts of daily life. Our programs; our lessons; our activities; our expressions; are but the instrumentalities we try to use in building life and character. But of themselves they are neither life nor character. If we want to find out how effective our leadership and guidance and teaching are, we have only to check on what our young men do in their work and in their play and in their associations with their fellows. That is the test we should make because it is the only standard by which we may gauge our accomplishments. Our enterprise is "mutual improvement." The test of our contribution is the degree of betterment manifest in the lives of those whom we have essayed to guide.

HOW to make of the lesson materials, of the games, of the contests, of the cultural pursuits, the foundation stones of character so that our young men out of the strength thus derived can meet the daily experiences of life without breaking down or falling below the cherished standard of nobility is

the problem of the leader. It calls for planning to the end that effectual presentation may result. It calls for a study of the varying individualities that make up our groups, for an observation and study of their individual reactions to our materials and our methods; for an examination of the reflection of our guidance in their lives; for a modification of method or procedure as experience directs; for the devising of means of approach and avenues of appeal. All this is comprehended in the term planning. It cannot be too carefully or prayerfully done.

When we think of the widely differing natures of the individual members of our groups, their different aptitudes, their differing responses to given stimuli, we get some notion of the complexity of our task. Then when we remember how little man really knows about himself and about others; how little we know of the heritage of those we seek to guide, and of the limitations imposed upon them by the conditions of their birth and environment, we gain an appreciation of our own inadequacy to act as guides. If there had not been an overruling providence, caring for

us where our own knowledge failed, and preserving and guarding us where our own ignorance would have left us exposed, one is disposed to think the human race might long since have been extinguished. Such contemplations make us very humble and admonish us to seek for help at the source of light and of life.

WHEN we have been diligent to discover what human knowledge has revealed; to make intelligent application of what may be known; to lay our plans with what wisdom has been granted us, we still shall fall far short of our best unless we have sought and obtained the divine benediction on our efforts. Paul "planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." And let us not forget that in His Word, whether we understand the underlying cause or not, we have a sure guide. If we as guides, and our younger charges as followers, can order our lives by His commands we shall not fail. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," was the admonition of Jesus to the rich young man. Elucidating the admonition He further said: "Thou shalt do no murder, . . . Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Honor thy father and thy mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. These things are basic. Without them there can be no fulfilment of life's promise. Any scheme of guidance which fails to fortify against the violation of them can never prepare for nor lead to a fullness of life. Let us not commit the mistake of supposing that they belong to a bygone age, and are no longer in virtue. They are not old in the sense that they are outgrown. They are of the same binding force today as they were on the day when they came to man out of the clouds as with the voice of thunder. They are the law of life and can never become obsolete while life endures. Violation of them leads inexorably to sorrow and despair and cuts off from enjoyment of the ripened fruitage of days consecrated to righteousness.

If you walk and teach in their light, "then (will) a thousand unseen hands reach down to help you to their peace crowned heights.

And all the forces of the firmament shall fortify your strength."

President Grant and Counselor Ivins

By A. Noble

ON Thursday, September 27th; year 1934;

They passed into the temple together. In step and in stride they were equal, And health seemed to glow on their faces.

Of weakness and sickness, no traces. Like brothers they'd worked long together, And climbed from the depths to the highest.

They were peers in the work of God's kingdom,

Men prayed "May they long live among us."

Like pines in the forest so sturdy, Supporting each other by nearness,

A blessing to men and to women By the power of their prayers and their work.

But the Father had need of the Counselor In His Kingdom away in the heavens. So this oak of the forest in three days

Was called from his manifold duties To higher, and perhaps, greater service.

Men stood on the streets quite aghast For the news of this thing flew so fast.

"Not Tony the scholar," said the student; "Not Tony the brave," said the miner

"Not Tony the good," said the saint. Yes! Yes! he's the one we all loved

From the days of our youth and on ever And great is the loss to our people!

Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE Q. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. REESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

Message to Executive Officers of the M. I. A.

DEAR Brethren and Sisters:

Our Annual Conventions are now under way. Detailed programs have been sent out to all stakes of the Church, and new literature is all published and price lists are submitted. The General Boards of the M. I. A. have held sessions of training in preparation for our Annual Conferences and Institutes for stake and ward leaders. We anticipate the greatest year in M. I. A. work in the history of the Association.

The following instructions are given in connection with our Annual Institute Conventions:

M. I. A. State Superintendencies and Presidencies are asked to confer with their Stake Priesthood authorities in making arrangements for these Conventions.

An urgent invitation is extended to Stake Presidencies, members of High Councils and Ward Bishoprics to be present.

The Stake in which the Convention is to be held is requested to make provision for adequate housing and for the general conduct of the sessions. It is suggested that they invite visiting stakes to take charge of the music—one stake in the forenoon and one in the afternoon sessions. A special number might be provided for the forenoon general session. The members of each Stake should assume responsibility in providing their own lunch.

It is imperative that complete organization in both Stakes and Wards be effected prior to the Convention and every effort should be made to secure 100 per cent attendance. It is recommended that the responsibility for securing attendance of ward officers be distributed to members of the Stake Boards. By approval of the First Presidency, M. I. A. officers are excused from the Sunday School to attend the Convention. Officers and Leaders of all departments should be in attendance through the entire day. It is suggested that each Stake designate all of their members attending the Convention in some special manner—

names, colors, etc. A roll of stakes will be called at the afternoon general session.

It is noted that the program of each department contains two parts. Except in the case of the Executives and the Community Activity Committee, one is to be conducted by a representative of the General Boards and one by local leadership. For the session led by the local leadership material is being sent to the officers of the resident stake who will provide leadership or will assign it to other stakes participating.

The texts for this Convention are: The M. I. A. Executive Guide, The Community Activity Manual for 1935-36 and the Department manuals. It is important that the literature should be secured early in order that local officers may be prepared to discuss the program intelligently at the Convention, particularly in the session which they are to conduct. However, a limited supply will be brought to the Conventions by General Board representatives.

We are looking forward to the most successful year in the M. I. A. May the Lord continue to bless us all in our great responsibility.

*General Superintendency,
General Presidency.*

New literature covering the season's work is now available at both of the general offices, as follows:

M. I. A. Executives' Guide,	\$.10
Community Activity Committee Manual15
Adult Department Manual40
Senior Department Manual40
M Men Manual and Hand Book40
Gleaner Manual40
Log of the Explorer Trail No. 525
Scouting in the L. D. S. Church35
Junior Manual40
M. I. A. Song Book25
M. I. A. Roll and Record Books (Y. M. & Y. W.)	1.75
M Men Roll and Record Book75
Individual Class Roll Cards02
M. I. A. Book of Plays (new)	1.50
Bee-Keepers' Hand Book60
Bee-Hive Girls' Hand Book25

Miscellaneous literature is listed as follows:

Community Activity Manual (Formerly 50 cents. It includes all appreciation courses)	\$.25
Appreciation Courses (published separately)	
Drama15
Dancing15
Music15
Review Sketches (For Road Shows, etc.)75
Legend of the Arrowhead75
Boy Scout Play (A Little Scout Shall Lead)25
Community Health and Hygiene25

Address Orders

Young Women's M. I. A. Office, 40 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah
Young Men's M. I. A. Office, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah

THE CLARION CALL

Words by Oscar A. Kirkham

Music by Alexander Schreiner

The clar-ion call is sound-ing, The youth of Zion are march-ing,

The voice of the Lord is heard, Each loy-al heart is stirred.

For-ward we march, For-ward we march, Forward with banners fly-ing!

Gold and Green, Gold and Green, The rays of the morn-ing greet you,

A hun-dred thou-sand cheer you, With cour-age a-new to live, to do,

Majestic

M. I. A. we are march-ing, True to the faith we are march-ing.

Northern States Mission Holds M. I. A. Honor Day

ONE of the most outstanding accomplishments in the history of the missions of the Church was the Northern States first annual M. I. A. Honor Day. It came at the conclusion of the season's work on June 1, 1935. A marked change in the method of procedure for the final events was carried out and proved successful. The events were in keeping with the general plan outlined by the M. I. A. Board, at Salt Lake.

A large gathering of representatives from various branches in the Mission assembled at the afternoon program at the Logan Square Chapel in Chicago. Demonstrations of the splendid work accomplished during the season were given. They consisted of musical numbers, addresses, and skits.

The main feature of the day was a Grand Mission Ball which was held in the Congress Hotel, one of Chicago's finest "loop" hotels. Being the first ball of its kind to be held in the Mission it far surpassed the expectations of the committee. More than 250 guests filled the elaborate Florentine Room of the Hotel giving Chicago a most splendid and unique ball. The conduct of the Mormon people at this event elicited a great deal of favorable comment from the hotel management and guests. The chairman of the committee was told by the House Manager that, "This is the first party in my hotel experience at which there has been no smoking and drinking and closed with prayer."

The patrons were President and Mrs. George S. Romney of the Northern States Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Austin Gudmundsen, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Hanson, and Mr. and Mrs. Grover Clyde.

The guest of honor for the day was Sister Erma Roland, of the General Board of the Y. W. M. I. A., of Salt Lake. She attended both the program and the ball and was enthusiastic in her comments.

The entire meet was directed by the Northern States M. I. A. Board which is as follows: Walter H. Reese, Superintendent; Lucetta W. Reese, Supervisor; Leona Romney, Activity Director; and Merle Lindsay, secretary.

THE picture (No. 3) was taken May 14th, prior to a temple excursion which the girls treasure as a fitting climax to their year's work. Much enthusiasm was shown during the past year by the Gleaners and Juniors for their manual lessons which were equally as popular as the appreciation courses. Our average attendance for the girl groups, Gleaners, Juniors, and Bee-Hive, during the years was over eighty per cent.—Cardston 2nd Ward Y. W. M. I. A.

THE introduction of the new appreciation courses and achievement plan into the Swiss-German Mission is, no doubt, the marker of a new era in mission work, and, of course as is the case with all that is new and untried, this undertaking has created a number of new problems. In order to solve these problems and make the new enterprise more impressive, the M. I. A. held a convention of all Young Men's and Young Women's M. I. A. district officers, on June 8, 9 and 10, in Frankfort on the Main. This is the first event of this kind in the history of the mission, and was greeted by all that attended. It is the plan of the Mission to make this an annual event, thus establishing a more definite and personal contact with the District and Branch leaders. During this three-day convention, seven meetings were held with an average attendance of 55 persons.

Mission Superintendent, Reed M. Broadbent, presided and conducted the Saturday evening meeting in which he extended greetings from Salt Lake City, England, and Berlin. Elder Broadbent explained in a general manner the purpose of the appreciation courses and introduced the district officers into the new achievement plan.

More detailed explanations of the various courses were then undertaken. Practical examples of the Waltz, Fox-trot, Tango, and M. I. A. dances were illustrated by Elder Richard W. Gibbs and members of the Frankfort and Mainz Branches. Stuttgart District President, Darrell Brady, discussed the Drama and its practical application in M. I. A. activity as well as it's being one of the noble arts.

In the second session Mission President Philemon Kelly gave a timely message to the M. I. A. Brother James G. Anderson, the former superintendent of the Mission Sunday Schools and M. I. A., elucidated on the purpose, aim, responsibility and division of labor in the M. I. A. Brother Max Zimmer, editor of the mission publications, explained the cooperation which should exist between the publications and the M. I. A. members. The third session of the conference convened with the regular Sunday School of the Frankfort Branch, and remained as a body after the Sunday School had separated for classes. The entire time of this class was given over to Brother Friedrich Widmar, First Counselor in the M. I. A. Board, who discussed the work of the Junior Class and the M Men, and who gave valuable information concerning the ennobling influence which the young ladies and young men of our Church can have upon one another.

In the fourth session which convened at 2:00 p. m. on Sunday, Elder Gerald J. Anderson discussed the M. I. A. Activity Handbook on Music and in a general manner showed how

music is to be cultivated in our Church. Thereafter, Elder Edwin Butterworth, Basle District President, explained the public speaking course, and emphasized the importance and value of good speech, and illustrated means of effective expression. Brother Max Zimmer then gave suggestions for other courses which could be handled in the activity classes, i. e., Literature, Art, Social Conduct, etc.

The new slogan, "We stand for spirituality and happiness in the home" ("Wir treten ein für ein vergeistigtes und beglückendes Leben im Heim") was introduced in the fifth session, and in this and the next meeting the following subjects were discussed: Bee-Hive Work, Senior Class Work, The Necessity and Value of the Reading Course, Successful Officers' Meetings, The Work of the Secretary, Successful Programs and Conjoint Meetings, and The Duties and Responsibilities of the District Superintendents.

The seventh and final session of the M. I. A. Convention was devoted to the answering of questions in order that none of the extensive material might remain vague. Words of conclusion and thanks were expressed by President and Sister Kelly, Sister Zimmer and Elder Broadbent.

Representatives from the most distant bournes of Germany and Switzerland journeyed to this convention at which every district of the Mission was represented. The various topics were received in an attentive manner and the participants returned to their fields of labor with renewed enthusiasm and the Spirit of "Carry On" in their hearts.

(See Photo No. 4.)

A LARGER group of young people met together and took an active part in our April Conference this year, than at any other conference in the history of this Mission. Seventy-five young people, including a 25 piece band, a soccer team, a basketball team, and a (patiaroa Fa) spear throwing team came down from the Takaroa branch, and were kept busy while here keeping up with the many meets and band concerts that were scheduled from time to time, besides all that held the priesthood bore their testimony in a conference session.

The first conference evening the M. I. A. band held a concert in the city square for the Governor of these islands. The second evening was turned over to the Papeete M. I. A., who presented two short plays, guitar singing and other special singing. The band also played a few short selections. The last evening was in the hands of the Takaroa M. I. A., which climaxed the conference with a short play, more guitar singing and a band concert. By actual count 3,208 people witnessed the closing activities of the M. I. A., they being held out of doors to accommodate the crowd.

The week following conference was spent touring the island giving band concerts and playing different organizations in soccer, basket ball, and patiaroa Pa, receiving much praise for the work the M. I. A. is doing for the young people of the Church. (See photo No. 5.)

Building Well the Foundation

LET your light so shine . . . " was the theme of the Swedish Mission M. I. A. conference.

Clothed with the sweet refining influences of a Scandinavian summer, the youth of Sweden gathered on the shore of the North Sea in that picturesque old town of Gothenburg, to lay another stone in the building of a stable M. I. A.

Refreshed by the gentle breezes and under the mellow rays of a northern sun, the honest truth seekers completed another Jubilee year and held their second annual Mission-wide M. I. A. conference Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, June 22, 23, 24 and 25th.

Representatives from nearly all the branches in Sweden journeyed to Gothenburg to attend the four-day convention. As far as conditions permitted, the youth of Zion in Sweden chose to spend their mid-summer vacation in meeting with their brothers and sisters and friends to enjoy a feast—first, spiritually and second, physically—and thus be better prepared to help in carrying the work of the Lord forward, and in lighting the way for those who yet wait in darkness.

Sessions of the convention were held in the Latter-day Saint Chapel at St. Pauligatan 15. These sessions included a welcome program, report, discussion and instruction meetings, public meetings (both inside and open-air), exhibits, an outing on mid-summer day and a party made up of games, dancing, and program.

First, the conference was a potent force in the spreading of the Gospel truths. M. I. A. workers came from near and far. Many contacts were made.

Second, the convention offered an opportunity for development and encouraged the expression of ability.

Third, the conference offered opportunity for M. I. A. Mission advisers and Boards to meet with and instruct the branch officers and representatives. Due to the difference in language, this was a mighty factor in the conference program—to supply these willing workers with the information that is necessary for effective M. I. A. work in a language that they can understand.

Fourth, the conference played an outstanding role in the developing of a stronger and more harmonious Mission spirit and M. I. A. morale.

576

Fifth, the conference strengthened that burning desire in the hearts of the participants to make M. I. A. work a greater and more effective missionary in their beautiful land.

Even though it was impossible for our mission parents, President and Sister Hugo D. E. Peterson, to be with us personally, due to having been called to attend the European Mission Presidents' conference in Liege, Belgium, they were there in spirit and thought. All who were present and heard the inspiring letter read, which President Peterson had personally written to M. I. A. workers, felt the warm spirit of love and devotion which he and Sister Peterson have in their hearts for M. I. A. and the young people.

Sunday evening at the main session, the theme of the conference, "Let your light so shine . . ." was tactfully depicted by the Bee-Hive girls in their presentation of "The Spirit of the Hive."

(See photo No. 6.)

THE Treble Clef Club is an outgrowth of the music appreciation course given in the Preston First Ward M. I. A. So interested were the girls in this course that they elected officers and drew up a constitution for their organization. All matters pertaining to the club were discussed and transacted in a business-like manner.

Since their organization in December they have met twice a week for rehearsals, and as a result, have a very creditable repertoire of choruses. Their services have been in constant demand in church and civic affairs.

Virginia Evans is president of the club and Afton Fryer is secretary and treasurer.

(See Photo No. 11.)

GREEN and Gold" has been the most frequent phrase on the lips of the Laramie Branch of the M. I. A. the past month.

The season's activities were brought to a fitting climax on April 6, when sixty couples, the major percentage of Laramie's L. D. S. population, assembled in the Woodman Hall for their first annual Green and Gold Ball.

A bower concealed by streamers occupied one corner of the room. The couples began dancing at 8:30, and at nine o'clock the curtains parted, disclosing the queen's bower, the queen and her four attendants. The color scheme of gold and green was cleverly

used in fashioning the throne room. Above the throne hovered a golden moth, symbol of beauty and purity.

Miss Ermaleta Idle, the queen of the ball, and her four attendants, Misses Ramona Bowman, Bonita Gardner, Ellen Glines, and Wanda Belle Idle, completed the picture.

Tiny flower girls, Cheri Call and Gladys Jean Palmer, presented the queen with flowers. As the orchestra played Svendsen's Coronation March, the queen and her attendants proceeded to the center of the hall, where Branch President A. E. Bowman, crowned the queen.

The year 1934-35 has been marked by unusual activity in the Laramie Branch. The students of the University of Wyoming comprise the greater part of the M. I. A. membership. They have been led by Miss Ellen Burton, Mrs. Erma Idle, and Mrs. Beth Tippetts as Y. W. M. I. A. officers, and Ornette Tolman, Leslie Jensen, and A. W. Stock as Y. M. M. I. A. officers. (See Photo No. 17.)

THE most successful year of the M. I. A. work at Laramie, Wyoming, was closed with a picnic. At ten o'clock in the morning a large crowd of members and their friends assembled and were taken by trucks to the "Turtle" rocks some fifteen miles north of the city. The wild prairies that have been barren and dry for several years have recently been drenched with frequent rains, and the ground was carpeted with delicately hued flowers that lent fragrance to the atmosphere.

The events of the day had all been carefully arranged. After the arrival of the trucks, near a large overhanging rock the groups arranged themselves in convenient places and listened to a program which was opened by prayer and consisted of congregational singing and special instrumental and vocal numbers by talented members from the Gleaner Girls and M Men classes.

At the close of the program everybody was ready for the lunch which was served from the commissary truck.

The afternoon was occupied with contests in softball. One team was sponsored by the Gleaner Girls and the other by the M Men.

At the conclusion of the ball game the party visited the State Fish hatchery.

As the evening shadows closed on the valley the young folks gathered around the bonfire, ate hot weiners, and toasted marshmallows. Here it was that everybody circled about the glowing embers and participated in an impromptu program. It brought a most fitting climax to a happy day which marked the conclusion of the M. I. A. work for the season.

This year the M. I. A. work as carried on at Laramie has been under the direction of the university students and branch members.

(See Photos No. 13 and 17.)

Note to Reporters

WE are always glad to have notes from the field, but on account of the fact that we have more than one hundred stakes and a thousand wards, the reports should contain essentials only. Photographs submitted should have on their backs the name of the sender, the ward or stake, and other identifying matter. They should be sharp and clear.



1. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, UNION STAKE.

2. JUNIOR FESTIVAL, KOLOB STAKE.

3. GLEANER AND JUNIOR GIRLS OF ALBERTA STAKE WITH LEADERS OF Y. W. M. I. A. OFFICERS, TAKEN PRIOR TO A TEMPLE EXCURSION IN MAY.

4. M. I. A. DISTRICT OFFICERS AND MISSIONARIES WHO ATTENDED THE SWISS-GERMAN M. I. A. CONVENTION ON THE 5TH, 9TH, AND 10TH OF JUNE, 1935:

Front row, left to right: James G. Anderson, Friedrich Widmar, Friedrich Biehl, Max Zimmer (Editor of the Mission Publications), Louise B. Zimmer (Y. W. M. I. A. President), Susan G.

Kelly (Consulting Supervisor of the Women's Organizations), Philomen M. Kelly (Mission President), Cornelia Kelly (Primary President), Reed M. Broadbent (Y. W. M. I. A. and Sunday School Sup.), Martha Jaeggi, Edwin Butterworth, Jr., Auguste Hauck, and J. Bruce Ellis.

Second row, left to right: Elsie Hoeger, Gerald J. Anderson, Bertha Ochsenschirt, Maria Kark, Johann Thaller, Johanna Gerbing, John Fetzner, Verli C. Ogden, Allen McCune, LaRue Miller, Hans Wolferts, Marie Uffring, and Otto Berndt.

Third row, left to right: Richard Gibbs, Garth Youngberg, Max Reschke, Heinrich Rahde, Arthur Mueller, Heinrich Suter, Heinrich Ludwig, Albert Schellenberg, and George Stehle.

Fourth row, left to right: Clark Peterson, Alden Coin, Reid Shepard, Darrell Brady, Stephen Richards, Byron Belnap, Kyle Brewster, Albert Schiffer, and Gottlieb Breitling.

5. TAKAROA M. I. A. BAND, TAHITIAN MISSION.

6. M. I. A. OFFICERS AND WORKERS OF SWEDISH MISSION.

7. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF TREMONTON WARD GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

8. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, EAST JORDAN STAKE.

9. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, LEHI STAKE.

10. M. MEN-GLEANER BANQUET, KANAB STAKE.

11. TREBLE CLEF CLUB, PRESTON, IDAHO.

12. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, ALHAMBRA WARD.

13. GROUP OF M. I. A. MEMBERS AT THEIR CLOSING PICNIC, LARAMIE, WYOMING.

14. JUNIOR GIRLS OF VIRDEN WARD, ST. JOSEPH STAKE, WHO SPONSORED A "JUNIOR ROSE BALL."

15. HALL DECORATED FOR VIRDEN WARD "JUNIOR ROSE BALL."

16. JUNIOR GIRLS, GLENDALE WARD, HOLLYWOOD STAKE.

17. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS, LARAMIE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

18. GLEANER BASKETBALL TEAM, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND. INSERT—CHARLENE WOOD (ABSENT WHEN PICTURE WAS TAKEN).

Seniors

THE Community Highway to Better Things' is the title of the Senior Manual which is now off the press and ready for distribution. This is one of the most challenging manuals ever written for a class of adults in the Church. Dr. Joseph A. Geddes, a sociologist of excellent training and judgment, has prepared the lessons which are based upon some of the studies he has made of Latter-day Saint communities.

Dr. L. L. Daines, chairman of the Senior Committee, is eager to have this work stressed this year in all of the wards of the Church. On account of its importance, he is hopeful that every stake and ward will have its Senior Department organized in time for the M. I. A. conventions, which have already begun, in order that stake supervisors and ward class leaders may be able to take advantage of the lectures of the members of the General Boards.

The Senior classes this year will study, in the main, as appreciation courses, "Hobbies" and "Reading." These two courses will be included in the class manual and, therefore, will be available to all members of the class who buy a guide.

Gleaners

ON the third Tuesday of each month, the Gleaners will study the art of hospitality. The work will be under the leadership of the Gleaner teachers, assisted by the Gleaner officers. How wise for any leader or teacher to decide on the aim and the goal of her work before she begins. So many people confuse the art of hospitality with the outward forms of etiquette, the correct use of knife and fork and spoon, the array of lovely dishes, and the preparation of expensive foods. The real aim, however, of this year's course is to make every Gleaner Girl feel that first the home is the center of all hospitality, and that in it is laid the foundation of human relationships, manners, and etiquette. And secondly no matter how humble, or small a girl's home is, she can bring to it a spirit of hospitality and charm simply by her lovable attitude, and her obedience to a few main laws of cleanliness, fastidiousness and courtesy. And third with conscious effort every girl can learn ease and poise in being a charming hostess at the most informal gatherings to the most formal affairs.

It will be well for teachers and leaders to bring into their class rooms, as much as possible, the spirit of home—fresh curtains at the windows, the chairs arranged in orderly or even informal fashion, flowers placed here and there when in season. For often these outward manifestations create an atmosphere of true hospitality. When

every Gleaner officer senses the responsibility of making each Gleaner Girl new or old feel perfectly at home, and at ease within the class room she will have assumed one of her first responsibilities. Plan the lessons on the art of hospitality beforehand, that every single girl may draw into the discussion, or participation of the art. Use the public libraries where possible for outside reading on hospitality. Let every girl make her contribution with novel and unique suggestions, for every affair. It is the hope of the Gleaner Committee that from the course this year the lost art of hospitality may be renewed and revived, and that home may become so alluring and so attractive that young people will look to it for the center of their social activity.

M Men-Gleaners

The Use of the Story

MEN and Gleaner Girls this year are invited to study as an appreciation course the use of the story. Those who take advantage of the opportunity will come from their classes in the spring better prepared than most people have been to make intelligent use of the story in conversation, in teaching religion, in illustrating what they have to say or write, in the public speech, in social groups, and in the home.

The course has been carefully prepared and even the method outlined in order that the best use possible may be made of the evenings upon which this course is studied.

The course was prepared by Elsie Talmage Brandley and Harrison R. Merrill, associate editors of *The Improvement Era*, both of whom have had long experience in all of the fields mentioned in the course. They have furnished illustrative material and have suggested how the lessons each evening may be presented most effectively.

The course is to be found in the regular manuals of the M Men and Gleaner Girls, where it will be accessible to all members of both organizations.

Explorers and Scouts

TIMPANOGOS COUNCIL LIST OF CHOICE BOOKS FOR BOY SCOUTS—1935

1. Baldwin, J., Four Great American Biographies That Scouts Will Like (1897) American Book.
2. Beamish, R. J., The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle (1927) Internat. Pr. 320 p.
3. Fife, G. B., Lindbergh The Lone Eagle, History, Life and Achievements (1927) Burt 282 p.
4. Van Every & Tracy, Charles Lindbergh, His Life (1927) Appleton 236 p.

5. West, J. E., The Lone Scout of the Sky (1927) B. S. A. 255 p.
6. Bok, E. W., A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After (1921) Scribner's 213 p.
7. Bok, E. W., A Man from Maine (1923) Scribner's 278 p.
8. Bolton, S. K., Famous Men of Science (1926) Crowell 333 p.
9. Brooks, E. S., True Story of Benjamin Franklin (1898) Lothrop.
10. Chitanbar, J. R., Mahatma Gandhi, His Life, Work and Influence (1933) Winston 266 p.
11. Corby, J., The Story of David Crockett (1922) Barse & Hopkins.
12. Crockett, D., Life of David Crockett, an Autobiography (1902) Burt 415 p.
13. Darrow, F. L., Masters of Science and Invention (1923) Harcourt 350 p.
14. Hagedorn, H., The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt (1922) Harpers 388 p.
15. Thayer, W. R., Theodore Roosevelt, An Intimate Biography (1919) Grosset 474 p.
16. Humphreys, M. G., The Boy's Story of Zebulon M. Pike (1911) Scribner 377 p.
17. Hapgood, N., Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People (1906) Macmillan 433 p.
18. Morgan, J., Abraham Lincoln, The Boy and the Man (1908) Grosset & Dunlap 435 p.
19. Nicolay, H., Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln (1906) Century.
20. Tarbell, I. M., Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln (1921) Macmillan 247 p.
21. Hartley, C. B., The Life and Times of Colonel Daniel Boone, Burt 385 p.
22. Henderson, A., Contemporary Immortals (1930) Appleton 209 p.
23. Howard, J. T., Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour (1934) Crowell 445 p.
24. Jones, F. A., Thomas Alva Edison (1931) Grosset 405 p.
25. Miller, F. T., Thomas A. Edison, Benefactor of Mankind (1931) Winston 320 p.
26. Keim & Lumet, Louis Pasteur (1914) Stokes 242 p.
27. Keller, H., The Story of My Life (1928) Houghton 202 p.
28. Madison, L. F., Joan of Arc (1918) Pan.
29. Paine, A. B., The Girl in White Armor (1927) Macmillan 312 p.
30. Richards, L. E., Joan of Arc (1919) Appleton.
31. Twain, Joan of Arc (1926) Harper 596 p.
32. Riis, J. A., The Making of an American (1901) Grosset & Dunlap 443 p.
33. Washington, B. T., Up From Slavery, An Autobiography (1901) Burt 330 p.
34. Werner, M. R., Barnum (1923) Harcourt 381 p.
35. Whipple, W., The Story of Young George Washington (1915) Altemus 203 p.
36. White, W. A., Woodrow Wilson The Man, His Times and His Task (1924) Houghton 527.

Note: Starred books are suggested for the younger Scouts. Designated editions are usually inexpensive yet attractively bound and printed in large type. The aim should be to see that not less than twelve of these books are available to all of the members of each troop.—M. Wilford Poulsen, Chairman Reading Committee.

The Challenge of Charm

(Continued from page 563)

at their heads. The average woman weeping over romantic love is not romantic. She is "messy." He may be moved by compassion or sympathy, but he immediately plans escape.

A real man must have a feeling of conquest or he isn't happy. A man does not enjoy a woman who is superior to him, mentally and physically, and shows it. He wants her to be superior in her woman's world, but never to invade his manly kingdom with her super knowledge or power. All men appreciate daintiness, femininity, a need for masculine protection in women. A man straightens under a woman's need for his strength. Men are not analytical about women. They move toward or away from them largely by instinct in their search for happiness.

What is their happiness? Every woman could well study the means of happiness for the man with whom she determines to spend a lifetime. A man is a many-sided individual. He is moodier than a woman. He has many leanings and urges. He is a doer and a dreamer. He loves for a day—a woman for eternity. Women weave their love into the bright bubbles of the dish water, the color of the flowers on the table—into the pattern on the quaint jewel box on her

dressing table—while a man goes to his office, becomes absorbed with business, confronted with important situations. He has completely forgotten sentiment and romance.

NO woman can occupy a man's mind all the time. She is but a part of the vast expression he must have to be a happy man. The sooner we American women understand this, the sooner the divorce ratio will be lowered. When a man is thoroughly expressed and happy, he is singularly loyal. Men love to get in a rut if it is a pleasant one. He will go to the same lake or stream to fish if it is a good one, to the same restaurant for good pie, to the same show if the plays are good. It takes a brilliant bait to shake the average male out of his routine.

First in importance of basic urges of men is hunger. They want to be well provided, well served, and then let alone. They like an open fire. (Another primitive tendency.) The tang of bacon in the open air is a pleasant memory. They like rest when weary—laughter when gay—mothering when hurt or ill.

Sum up these simple and inadequate suggestions and make up your mind to study men. A man expects so many things of a woman that he is easily disappointed. For this reason the woman who can keep a man's mind on himself rather than on her will hold him tighter and longer. A woman who

can go along with a man, mostly in his way, who leans on him a little, who feeds him, body, soul and mind, who makes herself lovely and graceful, who is so in tune with life that she affects him like the rhythm of a waltz or rest in a shady place after a race in the hot sun, or heavenly music in the distance as one's whole being slides into contented slumber—this woman can wrap her man around her little finger. He will not be driven, but he will respond.

Now, ladies, why feel hurt? You aren't forgotten. To fill a man's life when he needs us, to give him faith in himself because we show faith in him—should be our ambition.

Charm that is a happy synchronizing of heart and brain, trained to work in unison with physical expression will carry any woman to triumph in this world of men.

We like men—maybe a little better because they, like us, have weaknesses. For every fault of theirs we have one as bad or a little worse. Their seeming vanity, indifference, selfishness, are only spots on the sun (son if you like) and should be brushed aside to make room for strength, leadership, perfection.

Somewhere in the writings of Paul we are reminded that if we want life and happiness, we must love the "brethren."

Next month we will treat "Physical Charm."

An Intimate View of the New York Stock Exchange

(Continued from page 556)

His next move if the sellers show no sign of relenting, is to bid 30½. Someone snaps "Take it" and the deal is closed. There is no exchange of contracts, no signing of orders—nothing further passes between the two brokers participating in the transaction. They each scribble a cryptic jumble on their pads, check with the reporter at the post who relays the sale to the ticker, and return to their separate booths. Your broker gives his "floor-report" of the trade to the "phone clerk who calls the details of it back over the wire to the order

clerk and then places it together with other floor-reports on a "spike" attached to the wall.

The entire activity on the floor of the Exchange consists of countless repetitions of the procedure your broker followed in executing your order. Of course, there are as many variations to that procedure as there are different types of orders but essentially it is always the same. Stocks are traded in 100-share ("full" or "round") lots except at post 30 where certain inactive stocks are listed and traded in 10-share lots. For orders of less than 100 shares there is the "odd-lot" broker who adds these smaller orders together until he can fill them with full-lot trades. Then there is the "specialist" who deals in certain stocks only and who handles orders to be filled at given prices should those prices

come within the range of the market before the orders are countermanded. And, lastly, there is the floor-trader or lone-wolf of the Exchange who is really not a broker at all since he trades only for himself.

The membership of the Exchange is limited to 1,375 "seats" which are divided among the 615 member-firms. Imagine 1,375 brokers racing back and forth between their "phone clerks and the various posts, yelling and waving their pads in the air, intent on making their bids and offers audible above the din, continuing at a break-neck pace from the opening gong at 10 in the morning until the closing gong at 3 in the afternoon, and you have an idea of what a busy day at the Stock Exchange is like. There were times last summer when I could stand on the

corner of Exchange Place and Beaver Street and, above the noise of traffic, hear those brokers in action two and a half blocks away!

BUT back to your floor-report resting on the spike with the others—it is picked up by the firm's runner assigned to that work and delivered to the P & S department of the office. That crumpled little piece of paper, intelligible only to trained eyes, is a complete record of the Gentleman's Agreement under which your order was executed. It will be confirmed immediately by an exchange of "comparisons" between the two brokerage houses. It will pass through many hands and grow into a maze of forms and tickets before it finally comes to rest in the permanent files of the office. And on the second day after its stormy birth on the floor of the Exchange, your 100 shares of General Motors will be delivered to the firm through an outside window in the cage.

Obviously the business of the stock market could not exist on such a vast scale were dishonesty as rampant among brokers as many of their censors would have us believe. True, in Wall Street, honesty may be merely an accurate, cold-blooded adherence to the letter of the obligation, but as such it is effectively enforced by the Governors of the Stock Exchange. No member can hope to "put anything over" twice, for on his first attempt out he goes, his career as a broker definitely ended. And the standing invitation of the Street to high official and lowly clerk alike to "try and get away with it" is seldom accepted.

For Wall Street guards its treasures well. Runners, many of them mere boys, hurry back and forth through the financial district day after day with securities of oftentimes incredible value in their compact leather bags. They come and go unarmed and unmolested. I remember my first noteworthy delivery—a thick roll of ninety \$1000 U. S. Treasury notes—and the mingled feelings of apprehension and importance that were mine as I hastened the two blocks to my destination. I didn't know until later that during business hours, in addition to the regular police force, a trained group of "plainclothes" officers patrols the entire Wall Street district. But hold-up men and gangsters know it and

wisely pursue their activities elsewhere.

The stock market is a game built around men who buy and sell for others, taking their commission on every trade no matter what happens to their clients. Their primary interest is in preserving the game which in normal times renders them a handsome income. Consequently, they see to it that everyone abides by the rules. The object of the game is to sell at a profit everything you buy or, as the Rothschilds with their German accent expressed it, to buy "sheep" and sell "deer." If you think the market is "due for a rise" the matter of making money is comparatively simple provided your guess is correct. You buy the securities you think are going to appreciate most in value and sell them again when the rise takes place. If you think the market is due for a break you reverse the procedure—you sell the securities which in your opinion are most over-priced. Of course, you haven't the securities to sell but your broker takes care of that by borrowing them from some other broker in order to make the delivery. Where does the other broker get them? They are securities he has purchased for his customers "on margin" (against partial payment) and under the rules of the game he can lend them out against cash until they have been paid for in full. When the break comes you buy the securities back at the lower price, your broker repays his loan with them, and you have the difference between the purchasing price and the selling price of the securities for your profit. In the first operation you are "bullish" and are "long" the securities you purchase. When you sell securities you haven't got, you are "bearish" and are "short" those securities. This all sounds extremely simple so if you are tempted to play the game, just remember one thing: If you lose, it is not because someone else is cheating; it is because someone has to lose and the "big fellows" who sponsor the game and who know all the tricks are better players than you are.

IT was under a buttonwood tree in 1792 near what is now 68 Wall Street that the New York Stock Exchange had its beginning. On fair days shrewd gentlemen in high silk hats were wont to gather there and trade in Alexander Ham-

ilton's 6 per cent bonds which funded the debts left over from the Revolutionary War. As the New Republic began to find its stride, banks and insurance companies sprang into being and their stocks were introduced to the country by the gentlemen under the buttonwood tree. Then came railroad, oil, and mining stocks all seeking a market and they found it with the brokers who had by this time gone indoors. Public Utilities and great industrial corporations followed on the heels of the railroads—enterprises too big for any single group to finance; they, too, found hearty welcome and ample credit in Wall Street.

And so the story goes—an amazing story of glittering rise to power—a story that may have reached its climax in 1929—who knows? For today Wall Street is the rendezvous of a harassed and driven tribe of men. A new note prevails—a grim, vital note—and little wonder that it does! Wall Street, so accustomed to the usual percentage in favor of the dealer, is confronted with a New Deal in which it is not only deprived of that time-honored privilege, but, in addition, forced to show all its cards. Senatorial investigations thunder in its ears; new federal laws hold stock promoters in line with such foreboding stringency that security flotations have practically ceased to appear; New York City threatens to levy additional taxes against the already over-taxed market and the brokers in desperation make the counter-threat of moving, bag and baggage, across the Hudson to New Jersey. Surely, times aren't what they used to be.

And in the undercurrent of the Street—among the barbers, boot-blacks, and the elevator boys—tips aren't as plentiful as they once were. One hears less and less of the Jay Goulds, Jim Keenes, and Jesse Livermores—standouts of speculative genius and success. They seem to have faded into the all-pervading gloom. And in their stead another group has come to occupy the center of the stage. And what a large and tragic group it is! The Joneses, the Smiths, and the Kellys—those ninety and nine out of every hundred who play the fascinating game of Wall Street.

These conditions may have changed somewhat since this article was written.—Ed.

Utagua

(Continued from page 551)

Has gone to his gray sarcophagus
By pouring water icy cold
Adown his hot esophagus."

Properties and Sources of Water

WATER is a chemical combination of the two gases, Hydrogen and Oxygen, which fact was first discovered by Cavendish and Lavoisier, about 150 years ago. Before their discovery, water was thought to be an element. Only very recently scientists have divided ordinary water into light and heavy fractions. About heavy water (deuterium) considerable is being said in scientific literature at the present time. Some of the properties of this newly discovered form of water are:

Heavy water may be responsible for the weep in the weeping willows, for it has been found that this tree separates and retains the heavy water from ordinary water.

Too much heavy water in the body is alleged to be the cause of old age, cracking arteries, opaque eyes, grey hair and stooping shoulders.

It freezes at 39°F instead of 32°F for ordinary water. To many forms of lower life it is decidedly poisonous.

Utagua boils at 212°F and freezes at 32°F. When water becomes steam one volume at 212°F gives 1,650 volumes of steam. It is this expansion that is used to drive the steam engine.

The incomparable solvent action of water is its most interesting property. With or without decomposition, it dissolves and disperses to some extent or another in almost everything with which it comes in contact, and it is because of this property that it is the cleanser it is and the eternal nuisance that it is as well. That is also the reason for the nature of ocean waters—their saltiness—and for the continuous changes and shifts that have occurred and will occur in our universe, and the reason also for the varying composition of natural waters.

Rain water, well water, spring water, river water and lake water are applicable for general use, with or without pre-treatment. Shallow surface well waters, river and

lake waters are always to be viewed with suspicion no matter where located. The ease with which they may be contaminated with sewage and surface drainage entitles them to a continued suspicion, even by the most enthusiastic camper. A favorably reported analysis of a water sample collected one day is no assurance that the same water source will be safe a week or a month later. A water analysis, in order to determine the potability or the industrial usefulness of a water, is a complicated proposition, requiring meticulous care in its performance, and actually of no value unless intelligently and accurately conducted.

Shallow wells should be constructed away from any possible source of sewage contamination.

The water consumer demands a water free from harmful bacteria and reasonably free from objectionable chemical or physical impurities. Practically every town water supply in our country is being examined regularly by state chemists or state health departments to make certain that the water is safe for domestic use.

It is said that one of our middle west cities at one time tested the drinkability of a water by placing a stick perpendicular in the water. If on release the stick fell and floated, the water was good; if it continued to stand, it was not water but just plain mud.

Those communities which must depend upon open streams for their water supply have a very serious problem of water purification to eliminate excessive amounts of mineral matter as well as bacteria and organic waste material. Aeration or oxidation through flow is no longer considered adequate as a means of killing dangerous bacteria in streams. It used to be said that a twelve mile flow made any water safe of bacterial pollution gathered the first mile. That statement is now known to be erroneous.

IT is entirely possible to encounter an untreated water which will contain anywhere from 10,000 to 100,000 live "bugs" per cubic centimeter (that is from 600 to 6000 per drop); germs, bacteria, microbes, potential producers of plague and misery, let alone the infusoria, the molds, the cyclops and other forms of strange life. Yet by the time the engineers and

chemists are done with the purification of this mass, there is usually not a self-respecting bug left in the liquid.

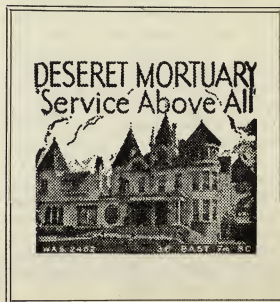
The human family has had to learn through bitter experience that our water supplies must be protected and kept clean. Engineers and chemists have struggled gloriously to the point where practically every town in our land has at least a safe and in many cases a desirable water supply.

Artesian wells, which may vary in depth to several hundred feet, usually deliver, clear, cold water, free from germs, yet frequently high in mineral solids. These solids generally confer "hardness" on the water and such a water is not always a healthy water to drink, nor to use industrially.

Minerals commonly found in our western supplies and which confer hardness upon the water are: Silica, the Carbonates, Sulphates and Chlorides of Calcium and Magnesium.

A water containing a small amount of solids, is always preferable to one containing a high amount of saline matter. Some authorities have attempted to place the limit of safety of solids in a water at fifty grains per gallon or about 850 parts per million; others again at thirty to forty grains. Yet owing to the geological formation of the country, some communities are compelled to use a water containing a hundred or more grains per U. S. Gallon.

Spring waters owe their solid content to the nature of their origin. They vary from low to unbelievably high solid content. Most of the mineral waters which are being so boldly and extensively advertised at present time, are spring waters with very excessive



amounts of dissolved mineral solids and should not be consumed except upon advice from competent physicians. Mineral waters possess no mysterious or occult virtues in the treatment of disease. No mineral water should be accepted by the public for alleged medicinal properties supported only by testimonials from bucolic statesmen and romantic old ladies.

Waters which contain excessive amounts of these mineral salts may be rendered soft by addition of other chemicals as Hydrated Lime and Soda Ash. Commercial water softeners are also available for this purpose.

THE method of purifying a water supply depends upon the character of the water. If it is cloudy or turbid, alum can be used to effect clarification. Alum has a special chemico-physical property of causing a turbid water, under proper conditions, to deposit its dirt and slime. The alum in hydrating entraps the dirt and causes it to settle out as the water stands in preliminary settling basins. To further purify the water it is allowed to run through sand filter which retain every particle of suspended material.

After filtration comes chlorination or chemical disinfection. This simply means adding to water a sufficient amount of chlorine to dispose of the living germs. This chemical is so efficient in its task that only 2½ lbs. of it are necessary to effect practical sterilization of one million gallons of water and by the time this water reaches the family tap there is present less than one-tenth of a part of Chlorine to one million parts of water.

According to one authority, American public water supplies had a comparatively recent origin. Boston is given credit for installing the first water purifying system in 1652. Schaefferstown, Pa. came second in about 1732. Hans Christiansen is given the honor of having constructed the first American made water pump in 1769. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. installed the first slow sand filter plant in 1870. Chemical treatment was not applied to water supplies until about 1911 when chlorination and coagulation of suspended solids with alum were introduced. Chlorination of Salt Lake City's water was not done until 1920.

Only a brief chapter of the story of water has been told here. As simple and common as it seems to

be, yet it has played the leading roll in the drama of human life and development.

A Vacant Lot at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 547)

that small congregation of others whom I knew.

I do not recall what was said by the speaker, whoever he was; but I suspect it was nothing of special interest to me. I was thinking all the time of being among friends. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that I later felt the warmth of friendly hands, and the comforting glances of friendly eyes. We visited for awhile after the closing prayer, and then I left—went back into the strangeness of the city—to suffer a peculiar reaction which left me almost overcome with a terrific lonesomeness.

IT was while I was thus overcome that I crossed, in my aimless strolling back toward my lodgings, the then vacant lot at the intersection of Sixteenth Street and Columbia Road upon which the L. D. S. Chapel now stands. I recall distinctly how I paused there to look at the churches which occupied two corners of that intersection, and to wonder why I had chosen to go to a home to worship, instead of to a church duly dedicated to God's service. Why, I thought, must I go on clinging to a religious belief which held me back from entering those beautiful churches where people seemed so happy, so content with life? Why should I experience queer feelings when people discovered that I was a Mormon? Why should I cling to one church among all of those which beckoned and which seemed so well to meet the spiritual needs of hun-

dreds of thousands of other people? Why, indeed, need I cling to any church? Had I not recently met many fine men who were not church-goers? Were they not prospering as well as any others I knew? Were they not as kind and helpful, as intelligent and progressive? Why bother about religion, anyway? Why not throw it off, free my mind to pursue whatever course it might choose, and live for whatever life might hold for me? Was I not away from home now, a man in my own name, in a good position, and among men of thought and action? Why worry about the world to come, why not take the world about us, take it as it comes, and love it? I had recently met and come to respect a man who was an avowed atheist. I had listened to his philosophy. His free-thinking fascinated me. I felt as if my own thinking were cramped and pitifully inadequate as a source of gratification and as an incentive to action. I wondered if I could ever achieve his state of mind!

I was still troubled by this kind of thinking about ten days later when, one afternoon, my boss called me into his office for an unexpected conference. He was very grave, and I was very worried.

"Young man," he said, "I have a painful duty to perform. Complaint has come to me from one of the other boys working in the office where you work, complaint that you are a Mormon. Furthermore, he has served notice on me that he will no longer work in there with you and that unless I do something about it he will resign." He looked at me over the tops of his silver-rimmed glasses and paused while his words sank deep into my soul. "Now that fellow has been with me three years," he continued after what seemed many minutes, "and I don't want to lose him. He is well-trained, and highly promising in his work. Naturally, therefore, I have given his complaint serious consideration."

"Of course," I managed to mumble. "Of course you will do what you think best. I have been very happy here, I had hoped I might

Three Willows

By Harold Homer Lyché

THREE willows,

Like dancing-girls of Bali, skirted
And hung with limpid jade,
Deftly sway.

And seem to reach far down
To tempt me, too,
To dance by the water's edge.

remain. I had not thought that religion counted in Civil Service, but it is true that I am a Mormon and I . . ."

"You admit it, then?" he asked, leaning toward me across a desk piled high with official papers.

"I could not deny it if I would," I replied. There was nothing heroic in my reply. I was very humble, and very sorry for myself; but I recall how definitely I had decided in those few moments that, come what may, I could not deny allegiance to the church of my youth. Before my eyes had passed in kaleidoscopic review all the history of the Church as I had come to know it, sacrifices, hardships borne for the Great Cause, the teachings of my mother, her prayerful farewell when I left home.

"Well, then," he seemed to thunder at me. "I'll tell you what I decided to do—what I have done, in fact. I told that fellow that despite my high regard for him, I would not subscribe to his intolerance! I told him that you have as much right in Civil Service as anyone else, and that you are going to stay right on in that office. I told that fellow if he didn't like it he could get out."

I was grateful, of course, and so expressed myself. But I was more than grateful. I was happy! My mind had suddenly been made up. It was clear with respect to my future course. I was impressed by the thought that it didn't matter with big men if I chose to worship as a Mormon. I was as free as anyone to worship as my conscience dictated. The man whose act had thus aided me was Mark Alfred Carleton, one of the great Hunger Fighters, the man responsible for the introduction and establishment in American agriculture of the Russian macaroni or Durum wheats which yield annually 40 millions of bushels in this country. He was largely responsible also for establishing in American commerce the hard red Russian wheats.

THE next time I walked over that vacant lot at the corner of Sixteenth and Columbia Road I paused where I had paused before, and I wondered at the troubled state of my mind at that earlier time. Those churches over there now had little appeal. Why should I care about entering them to worship. I could satisfy my soul

among friends who believed as I believed. I was satisfied.

Soon after this experience the Heads of two other offices took me to the Chief of the Bureau and introduced me as that Mormon youngster who had written the first field report the Chief had read in several years. My report, prepared with care and thoroughness, evidently was unusual enough to attract official attention.

I have said that I was reflecting on these earlier experiences when recently I sat in the Washington chapel, in the midst of architectural splendor unexcelled by that of any other church in the capital city of our nation. I have no words adequately to describe the beauty of that chapel, which every Latter-day Saint must be proud to call his Chapel. Much has been written concerning it, and numerous published photographs of its classic exterior and its inviting, quieting, and soul-inspiring interior, have brought to each of us a vivid impression of its grandeur. So I shall omit here any effort to improve upon your recollection of it. After all, sound churches are

not sound because of the splendor of the structures they occupy, nor because of the rituals observed within their walls. It is the people themselves who make up the Church who are important—what they believe and how they measure up to their beliefs.

So, more than by the chapel itself, I was impressed by the men and women I saw about me. Here was a member of the United States Tariff Commission, presiding over that gathering of Mormons. Next to him sat his counselor who, in daily life, is head of the Publications Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. A regional director of Uncle Sam's land program in six states of the Union occupied a seat on the stand while another, directing the same program in three Lake States, sat in the congregation. In the audience also was a Mormon who is director of agricultural extension and industries for all of the Indians in the United States. There also was the director of agricultural extension in the State of Wyoming. Over there, the head of the sugar manufacturers' association of

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America, and in another seat sat an official of the Production Credit Administration. All through the congregation, in fact, were men and women equally high in other activities of the national and state governments and of private corporations scattered over the Union.

I COULDN'T help taking a full measure of pride in the fact that many of those whom I recognized were boys and girls during my youth in Cache Valley, or were students with me in college. I knew the homes and the home training of those men and women before me; I knew the sterling quality of their characters; I knew the trust in which they were held by their associates and employers; I knew their abiding faith in God, in Jesus Christ, in Joseph Smith and subsequent leaders of their Church. I knew their earnest and sincere desire to serve God; and I knew that in the hearts of every one of them burned a living testimony of the truth of the great work in which they were engaged. Surely, I said, to myself, these people are the fruits of Mormonism; and it is good fruit!

It was at that moment that I reviewed again, for the thousandth time, the basic principles to which I have clung since I stood on that vacant lot twenty-five years ago. I could not help feeling that faith in these principles had guided the lives of others in that chapel as much or more than they had guided

my own; and I felt, also, that the same principles could be cherished with as much satisfaction by the youth of today.

First of all, to my mind, is the principle of Eternal Progression. What promise it holds! What an incentive to right living! What stimulus to thought and action!

Then follows the principle involving the quest for and the acceptance of Truth. What could be more inviting, what more worth while in this life? And what could afford better preparation for Eternal Progression?

Third, comes the principle of Free Agency. We may seek Truth, or not; we may walk in its light, or not, we may progress eternally, or not, as we choose. The way lies clear before us, leading in whatever direction we may wish to travel.

In these three principles I find all the freedom of thought I care to exercise. My atheist friend has enjoyed no freer thought; and to me his outlook on life is less satisfying than mine, whereas it lacks also the inviting promise of a continuing opportunity to progress.

These three principles, I believe, promote industry, inspire learning, develop intellectual honesty, breed integrity in thought and action, and assure a degree of dependability which the world appreciates and is willing to recognize. The yearnings of youth, in my estimation, may be satisfied in large measure

through adherence to these principles.

THE services in the chapel that night, were excellent. An organ prelude with the masterful Edward P. Kimball at the console lulled us into a worshipful mood, before the congregation led by a trained choir sang the familiar strains of a church hymn. A prayer, delivered as if it really was intended to invoke God's blessing, prepared for the anthem which followed; and then the sacrament was administered and passed with reverence. There was some special vocal music, and then two well-prepared sermons by young men who evidently sought more to expound and justify their beliefs than merely to entertain with fine phrases. In the meantime, as is customary in the Washington Chapel, many strangers had entered and, welcomed by ushers, had taken seats among the Saints. They continued to enter as the services proceeded—so many that it was necessary to open doors at the rear of the chapel to permit late comers to occupy seats in the adjoining amusement hall. At the close of the services, announcement was made that strangers who cared to remain would be shown through the building by Brother Kimball. I noted that a score or more took advantage of the invitation. I noted, also, that after the services the Saints themselves remained to visit with each other for nearly an hour. This, I was told, also is customary; and it appealed to me as a custom which all of us could emulate advantageously.

I was particularly impressed by the sermons those two young men delivered. Each had told frankly and fearlessly his beliefs; each had defended the Church admirably; one had portrayed the origin and growth of the Church in a manner to convince right-thinking minds of its soundness; the other had laid before us the theory and the facts of Mormonism.

There the meeting should have come to a close. The services had been beautiful, satisfying, complete. It was time to go home. But, then, to my surprise, I was announced as the last speaker!

As I got to my feet to respond, I felt impelled to treat for a moment the practical side of Mormonism. I felt that I should not permit those strangers present to get

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the impression that we thrive on doctrine alone, that our faith is without works. And as I began to speak I saw in my mind's eye hundreds of thousands of people scattered widely throughout Zion, living their religion daily, carrying it into their every-day lives, struggling against the odds of economic distress, striving valiantly to make the most of what seems sometimes to be a scant environment, fighting against drought and insect invasions, carrying on in the face of threatening disaster, their hands hard, their hearts brave, their heads high. So I talked of these things, and as I did so my heart swelled with pride in my heritage.

So may we all be proud! May we all cherish, protect and promote what is ours by God's grace. And just as the tree of Mormonism has borne good fruit in the past, may it continue throughout the long future. And may none of us through either thought or action do anything to interfere with the full fruition of the great promise which is held out to us and to all humanity.

This is our obligation, as well as our privilege. It is well that we take pride in our heritage and cherish it. But it is of greater importance that we magnify it and so live that as the mellow years of life unfold us we may see our deeds enriching those of others who have preceded us in upholding the great plan of salvation which we espouse.

Too often, I fear, we are disposed to revere the past without realizing that in the present lies our great opportunity, in the future our great hope. We may be pardoned for honoring the pioneers who blazed the trail we follow, and we may regard with reverence their great deeds. Still, if we would carry on what they so well began, we must see clearly our own tasks and develop and exercise the courage required to build upon the foundations which were laid for us through the faith of our fathers.

IN every stake of Zion today new and strange influences are at work to try our faith and put us to the test. Like all other people we are engaged in a struggle to survive these influences and we find ourselves crying out for strength to endure while we strive to see wherein the principles of our

Church can be depended upon to guide us aright. At times we may feel that these principles are inadequate to cope with the strange and difficult surroundings in which we find ourselves. We may yearn for clearer guidance. We may find ourselves, as it were, on a vacant lot at the crossroads, asking ourselves why we should cling to this Church—to any church? Why bother about religion anyway? Why not give way to the world about us, take life as it comes, and love it?

I have told you that I know that feeling. I experienced it twenty-five years ago when I stood on that vacant lot at Sixteenth and Columbia Road. No youth was ever tried more than I was at that time. And yet my vacant lot turned into a beautiful edifice where thousands of souls regularly find solace in worship and strangers enter to be blessed by the warmth of friendly understanding. That chapel more is more than a structure of wood and stone. It symbolizes hope, risen from despair.

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So, the same forces which erected that chapel, the same eternal principles, the same faith, erect at the crossroads of life, when all seems vacant, an edifice to inspire mankind to greater deeds. A spire rises above the mists, to pierce the clouds, and on its pinnacle there gleams a golden figure with trumpet poised to sound a call which all shall hear and, hearing, shall follow into the fuller life to come.

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The Red Coat

(Continued from page 549)

He stayed on the porch step so he could hear everything.

As soon as Hank was outside Tip was there to meet him. Hank sat down and put both arms around the dog.

"You're no more of a mongrel than he is, are ya? He sure thinks he's big—ever since he started hanging around girls." Hank shook his head sadly. "Maybe we won't be puttin' on our show after all, boy."

Bill was making a terrible racket in the house.

"I won't stand for it. I tell you I won't!" he shouted. Bill was pacing the floor.

"I'll leave home first that's what I'll do. I'll leave home!"

"Gosh," said Hank under his breath, "He's gonna leave home, Tip."

"I'll show you that you can't disgrace me before my friends!" His voice was excited. He had had an idea. That's what he'd do, he'd be a martyr for a cause. "I'll show you—" and his bedroom door slammed with such force it shook the walls.

Then all Hank could hear for a minute was the clink of the dishes his mother was washing. All of a sudden—*crash! bang!* and a suit case flew open as it hit the floor. Then some coat hangers dinged as they hit the floor together.

"William, what are you doing?" called Mrs. Young authoritatively.

There was no answer except the sound of clothes being thrown. She walked across the room and opened the door and stood there for a minute. Bill strode about in a more masterly, dramatic way now that he had an audience.

His mother stood for a minute studying him and then she walked out to the porch where Hank was sitting. She was looking very much confused and helpless.

"Hank," she said, "We can't let William leave home, can we? Life is so serious at sixteen."

Hank's heart was in his throat and he couldn't answer.

"I'm so sorry but I guess we'll just have to not be in the show," she went on.

Hank's eyes filled with tears and his chin quivered. Mrs. Young, sensing the depth of Hank's dis-

appointment, turned her head so that he wouldn't see her crying too. She arose and went into the house to hunt a handkerchief. As soon as she was gone Hank buried his head in Tip's shaggy neck and wept bitterly.

ALL day Friday Hank stayed in his own back yard all alone.

"Son," said his mother, "will you run to town and get some things for me?"

Hank just looked at her for a minute. "Gee, Ma, I can't. Don't you know all the kids'll want to know about the show tonight an' what could I tell 'em? Just what could I tell 'em?"

And his mother understood.

Long before show time the children came laughing down the street. Big kids, little kids, thin ones, fat ones, all were excitedly making their way to the big tent. It was the biggest celebration since the Fourth.

Hank was whittling in the back yard out of sight and he whistled so he wouldn't hear them laughing so plainly.

Bill took an especially long time getting ready that night. He even cleaned his finger nails. When he was all ready, instead of going out the front door as usual, he came out the back so he could tip his hat and give Hank a victorious grin.

Hank was so enraged that he had to stop whittling for a minute. He was taking too big chunks from the leather. He reached down and found a small rock and fingered it, but he decided just to write his name in the dirt instead of throwing it. When Bill was out of sight Hank flung himself on the ground and sobbed.

Mrs. Young came out and stood looking at her small son. After a minute she walked over and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Aren't you going to the show?" she asked.

"No-o-o-oo," he sobbed.

"Now let's talk this over, Son. Someone will have to tell them if you're not in the show. You had better hurry and clean up and go down and tell the man. You know, Hank, miracles have happened and sometimes things aren't so dark as they seem."

Hank had quit crying and he was listening.

"It's going to be a good show

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and you won't want to miss it." It wasn't too hard convincing Hank because he wanted to go anyway.

He lifted a tear-stained face. "O. K., Moms. Will you keep Tip home?"

"I'll take care of Tip, Son. You'll have to hurry now."

Hank bathed his red eyes and ran a brush quickly through his hair. It doesn't take boys of eleven very long to get ready to go places. He just slipped on his school clothes.

He went through the back alley so he wouldn't meet anyone on his way there. No kids had ever seen him crying—No-sir-ee.

He bought his ticket and found a seat on the aisle right close to the stage.

It was an exciting show and when they shot off the gun everybody screamed. The villain was certainly mean. He had his hair slicked right back and Hank thought he looked like Bill. Bill was sitting in the expensive reserve seats with Jane. He had his arm around the back of her chair too—Pooh!

WHEN the show finished the kids started whistling and yelling. It was a terrible racket. Someone in the back row set off a fire cracker and the women screamed and the babies cried. Then the man came out and asked all the contestants to please come to the stage. All the kids started climbing up on the stage. That is, all but Hank.

The kids waited patiently to see Hank and Tip go up. Wasn't this what they'd saved their money for—to see the town marvels perform?

Presently the man came to the stage again.

"Is Hank Young in the audience, please?" he asked.

Hank's heart sank. He waited for a minute and then slipped out into the darkness and down to the back entrance of the tent. As he went in he didn't stop to fasten the door flap. He sidled over to the man. At first the man didn't notice him so Hank stepped right up and took off his hat.

The man looked down and smiled. "Get ready, Son. You're on next," he said briskly.

"Ah, er, what I wanted to tell you, Mister, is that I can't be on your program."

The first number was finished and the audience was clapping lightly. The kids were yelling something. Hank listened to hear what it was.

"We want Hank Young and Tip—We want Hank Young and Tip!"

Hank's heart jumped up in his throat.

The man hurried out and announced another and the kids all groaned.

The man hurried back to Hank. He was frowning. "What's this you say, you can't be on it?" He looked towards the stage. "Look here, you're not trying to play a joke on me, are you?—because if you are." He looked down at Hank's face. "No, I see you're not."

"I wanted to be in the show, but I can't." Hank's lip was quivering.

The number was over and the kids were yelling again. This time they were yelling louder and more insistently than ever—"We want Hank Young and Tip—"

The man hurried out and announced another number and the kids all booed! They didn't want anyone else but Hank. The announcer was at the end of his wits. When he went back on the stage the kids were shouting their orders for Hank and Tip. He put out his hand to quiet them. "Now, listen," he said, "Hank Young is

back stage and he says he can't perform tonight, but I'm going to ask him to come tell you why. Come out on the stage, Hank.

THE kids all clapped when Hank came out. He looked straight at Bill. Bill was humped down in his seat and his eyes were pleading with Hank.

Hank gave him one disgusted look and walked right out to the middle of the stage. The audience had become quiet.

"Ladees an' Gentlemen!" he called in regular circus fashion. "I'm sorry to tell you that we can't be on the program tonight. On account—" he looked straight at Bill. "On account, a—a—a—not bein' able to." He bowed and

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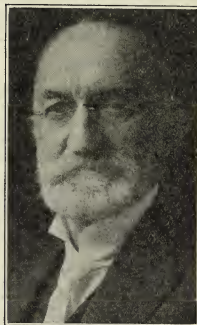
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walked off the stage. The kids started yelling again. Bill was clapping with the older people.

When Hank reached the side wings he couldn't control his disappointment any longer and he actually started to cry. He was crying because he'd disappointed the kids. Because Bill was sitting there having a good time. Because this was his chance to really show the town what Tip could do. Hank was crying because it felt good to cry. He'd never felt so bad in his whole life. Life was pretty sad all right.

The man was trying to announce more numbers but the kids weren't even listening.

All at once the crowd started whistling and yelling. They were shaking the tent. They were going wild out there. Hank wondered what was the matter but he didn't bother to look.

Why they were stamping their feet and knocking the benches over. Hank slipped over and looked in. It *wasn't—it couldn't be—but it was!*



Tip was strolling leisurely across the stage toward Hank and he had on the little red coat.

"Gosh!" was all that Hank could say—"Gosh!"

Tip had his black ragged head close to the floor and he looked so funny that Hank was laughing and crying all at once. He looked up at Hank and barked. Hank could tell by his eyes that he understood.

"Why! Why! You old son-of-a-gun," Hank laughed.

The crowd was still cheering. Hank took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Then he pulled his cap over them so that the kids wouldn't know. Tip walked off the stage to his master. The dog was wholly unconscious of the excitement he was creating.

Hank walked on the stage with him and bowed. Bill was clapping too.

Hank didn't have any hoops so he had the dog jump through his arms. The kids were a most appreciative audience. When Tip was jumping through Hank's arms something fell out of the little red coat pocket. It was white. Hank stooped and picked it up. It was a piece of bacon. "Gosh!" was all that Hank could say again.

Tip went through all his stunts like a troupier. He even added a few little antics.

For the last and final stunt Hank took off his cap and put it on the dog's head.

"Walk now. Walk like a human bein' and get your bacon. Tip." Hank was the trainer supreme.

With the white cap on his shaggy head and the tight fitting red coat around his chest the dog waddled across the stage. Surprised little "ohs!" and "ahs!" came from the audience. Tip took his bacon like a regular troupier. Hank gave one deep bow and walked off the stage.

THE crowd went wild with applause and started shouting "More! More!" Hank had never been so happy in his whole life. The curtain was raised and he and Tip went back and bowed again and again and again.

The man was waiting at the wings. "Well, Son, here's the prize. Five dollars is a lot of money, but you certainly earned it." The man patted him on the back and smiled.

All the fellows waited at the door when the show was finished. They wanted to say "Hello" to Hank and maybe get a chance to pat Tip. It was the very best show they'd ever seen.

With the five dollars clutched tightly in one hand and the other on Tip's neck, Hank came walking out. There were so many kids he could hardly get past them. He looked up and there was Bill and Jane making their way to him.

Jane giggled a silly giggle. "Ho-o," she said. "Hank, you were wonderful, and that dog! Did you ever see such a smart dog, Bill?"

Bill's face went quite red and he looked straight over Hank's head and laughed too.

"Yes," he said importantly, "he's a smart dog all right!"

Hank was anxious to be alone. So much had happened that he needed time to figure things out. He slipped away from the crowd and when he was alone he remembered Tip still had on the coat.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "when Moms made that coat?" He reached down and stroked it affectionately.

"Gee!" he said to Tip. "I hope five dollars is enough to buy her something. Maybe a new red hat with cherries on it." Hank's eyes had a dreamy look in them.

"Gosh," he muttered in wonder, "an' she even remembered the bacon!"

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A Silver Girdle

(Continued from page 537)

a bald mound, some are sharply triangular, and another, far to the east, is a narrowing blunt square with a Mayan top. But each is a singularly isolated landmark which reflects the saffron afterglow of the setting sun when a fair evening closes in. Then the beveled edges of countless layers of apricot and rose quartzite and sandstone strata are sharply etched as they mount in diminishing steps thirteen thousand feet or more into the evening sky. On cloudy evenings the peaks are cold and gray, and then the strata recede into the mountains. A lesser and more level rim bounds the range on the south. Between the two rims stretch thousands of miles of magnificently forested wilderness; spruce, fir, and pine.

Long grass and moss carpet the ground in green. Small rivulets quickly increase to fair-sized streams which cut deep ravines in their escape from the mountains. They are born and fed by hundreds of lakes which open their eyes to a sky that changes from ever-deepening blue to threatening gray with no more warning than a single thunder clap. But the storms of these mountains simply enhance the sunshine, so heavenly and peaceful are their balmy days.

The region has been set aside by the government as a primitive area, a fisherman's paradise. Blazed trails mark the way from one lake basin to another. It is planned that no auto road shall ever cut those deep, still forests. For a stranger to leave the trail is to be almost hopelessly lost so complex, transverse, and multiple are the minor upthrusts which abound everywhere, and so changeless and vast are the stretches of towering evergreens.

EILEEN and young Jimmie had gone into these mountains with their father when they had been visiting in the West. They had responded to their feeling as wholeheartedly as had their fond parent. Tom knew every shadowed glen and shimmering lake. One day, when Eileen was especially exuberant over the mountains, her father had promised her the Utah ranch which they bordered.

But as Tom thought of the ranch and the Uintas now, the lines in his haggard face deepened. "The ranch . . . the mountains . . . it's possible, but . . ." he was almost afraid to admit what he had in mind. Looking at his watch, he shrugged and said, "Well, it's time to go."

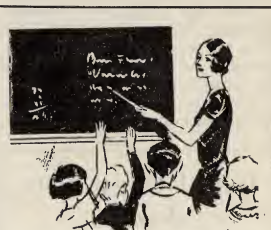
Standing for a moment in the doorway, he glanced about before going quietly out. Leaving his keys with the foreman, he left the building for the last time.

"How can I tell Dadai," he mused bitterly as he rolled along in his luxurious car behind his uniformed chauffeur towards Tarrytown and what had been his own magnificent estate but a few days ago. This was one problem he hadn't solved. It was hard for him to face the result of his losses. How could she? He wondered if his wife could bear to make the change he had in mind. In war times women bore anything—devastation, death. But there wasn't any cause in a crisis like this; no flags flying, no trumpets blaring, nor marching troops to carry one's spirits high. You simply stepped out of everything you were used to and into something you'd never dreamed of, helpless and floundering. Unless, unless . . . you could snatch at the tag ends of things and build a new way of life.

"Could Dadai do what he had planned?" he asked himself. "Could he ask her to? The adorable little lady! It had been the

great pleasure of his life to indulge his wife's every wish. There was just no reason between her delicacies and exquisite foibles and his plan for a way out of their difficulties. He shuddered as he thought of the incongruity.

It was different with Eileen.



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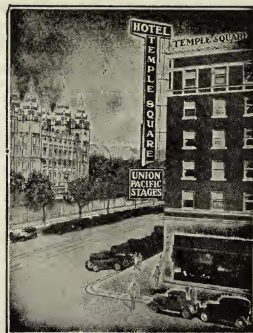
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He'd have wagered any day that finishing school was nothing more than the dimple of life to his pretty eighteen-year-old daughter. Underneath that polished surface of hers, he had seen a layer of grit as hard as blue diamonds. And Jimmie, there was a youngster any man could be proud of, the little Indian!

The first lights of evening splashed their yellow challenge from the avenue lamps and high-arched windows as he rounded the last bend towards his driveway.

Perce stood at attention as he opened the heavy door of Mr. Rey-

nold's car. "Will you need me this evening, Sir?"

"No, nor tomorrow morning, Perce. I'm sorry old man, but you and I are quite through. The garage is going to be cleared tomorrow except for one of the ladies' cars. Stimson will give you a month in advance.

"Good old Perce; he took it on the chin. Can I, if Dadai lets me down?" He called his wife by her real name Adoree, only in mocking, playful moments, although she fancied it. Sometimes he had laughed and teased her by calling himself her ticket to the dance of life when she had been unusually frivolous. But he realized he could no more get along without her than she could without him and his indulgencies. "Poor little girl," he said softly as he mounted the stairs to her boudoir.

"Dadai? Hello darling!" he exclaimed as he opened her door after his first brief tap.

THERE she was like a waft of the setting sun in the midst of cool green. I little red-head curled in the gold and green of her chaise longue, playing with Pim, her toy Peke! As Tom crossed her pale green Chinese rug, every detail of this exquisite room touched a highlight of pleasant, intimate memory enfolding the two of them. Her gold toilet set on her green taffetaed dressing table; the long mirror, gilt-framed, hanging just above; the talisman roses in their jade bowl on the gilded table at her side glowing in the soft light of the lamp!

Tom knew that without all this there would have been no memories for him and Adoree. He supplied what her esthetic nature had been denied in girlhood, revelry

in the beautiful. For the sake of such revelry she smiled into his homely, ruddy face, and tolerated his brusqueness as a carry-over from the tang of the nurturing earth. What would she say when she knew that both of them must taste that earth now? And that for a time, at least, her only contact with beauty was to be from nature's free offering?

"Dadai!" he crushed her hungrily in his arms as she rose to meet him. He hadn't seen her since he started to wind up his involved affairs. The folds of her green chiffon gown suffused a delicate perfume to their nearness.

As they sat down on the lounge, she pouted, "Tommy, you're an evasion."

"I only wish I might be, darling. I've something to tell you I can't evade."

"Well, at any rate I'll know the truth. I had no sooner returned from the cherry-blossom festival in South Carolina, than Stimson called me from your office and gave me your message that I was to cancel all my engagements and sit tight until I heard from you. Thank heaven you've come."

"Is Eileen home?"

"Of course not. She's just returned to school after the Easter holidays."

"I've sent for her. Thought she might have arrived. Where's Jimmie?"

"Just gone down to the stables to see that Pat gave Star her rub-down."

"Pat will not be here to rub Star down after tomorrow."

"Tom, I'm frightened. What's up?"

"Nothing's up sweet. Everything's down. And I'm at the bottom of the pile."

"Oh for goodness' sake tell me. I've been panicky for days."

"Please, darling," said Tom, trying to keep cool, himself. "I've absorbed the shock for both of us. And it was terrific. It's hard to realize the truth, and what it will mean as time goes on, but we're certainly headed for a change, dear."

"Tell me about it, Tom. What's wrong?"

SUDDENLY the shadow of a smile broke the gloom of Tom's expression. "Why Dadai, there's a bit of harmony in this

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thing I hadn't seen before." The half smile broadened ever so slightly at the whimsy of his notion. "Wait a moment, I'll explain. You loath the smell of sheep, don't you?"

"I've told you I do enough times when you've suggested I go out to the range," she said pathetically.

"I know, I know. You've vacationed at White Sulphur Springs, Monte Carlo, The Thousand Islands, anywhere but out West with me."

"Out West. Ugh! Cockleburbs!"

"Well Dadai, I haven't an ounce of wool left, nor the sheep that will raise enough to make a baby's blanket. They're all gone, every one of them, and the ranges, too. So we can be happy on that score, can't we?" There was a somber note in Tom's tone in spite of his lightness.

Adoree looked puzzled; she wasn't so sure of that kind of happiness.

Tom smiled again, although a little grimly. "You can't endure the thought of oil, can you dear? The gooey sludge!"

"Well, I haven't craved living in the shadow of the derricks."

"Dadai, I'll never ask you to again. I'm afraid no well will ever pump another barrel of crude for me."

Adoree looked still more dubious. "Can't you talk English! What are you getting at?"

"Wait—wait a moment dear, there's another point we'll not argue any more. I'm through speculating; I'm through with the market—"

"Oh Tom, for heaven's sake—"

"And this house, this room, Dadai." Tom was losing his bantering tone entirely now and becoming very earnest, "we've both loved it, but it isn't ours any more. The house is gone, too. But sweetheart, there's something I can love even more than this, if you'll share it with me. It's God's great outdoors. I've lost everything. But I'm not ruined. And there's still Eileen's ranch. Thank heaven, I had put that in her name. If you'll go out to the ranch we can at least survive until I can make another start."

"The ranch! Cockleburbs!"

"Cockleburbs, perhaps. But forests, mountains, streams, lakes, fishing! It is rough, but it's beautiful, dear."

"But I don't love God's great outdoors! And I won't go West. Have you lost your reason, too?" Adoree broke into hysterical sobs and sank back among her pillows.

"But you see, everything I had planned for you has gone into the smashup, too; you'll—"

"Mother! Dad! I'm home," called a clear, musical voice. Eileen bounded upstairs and burst into her mother's sitting room. She was dressed in a white tweed coat over a tailored navy blue dress; on her head a jaunty hat matched her blue eyes, but contrasted lusciously with her golden hair. Her whole being was tense with anxiety. "What is it Dad? Mother, what's happened? I must know!"

"Ask your father, ask him; it would take me the rest of my life to tell you."

"Eileen, everything's gone to pieces. I've smashed up. I'm as flat as a dried toad. Except for Timber Toes we haven't a place to call our own. And that would be lost, too, if I hadn't turned it over to you. But listen, Eileen," his eyes burned like hot spokes as he looked straight into his daughter's, "with the ranch as a base and so close to the Uinta Mountains, we can take the horses over the ridge, around the foot of Baldy, and establish a camp at Mirror Lake."

"That's the Utah property, Dadai, at the foot of Uintas."

"I don't care where it is," sobbed Adoree.

"Oh, Mother!"

"That's all right, Eileen. Wait, both of you, until you hear what I have to say. There isn't a ranch in the region that hasn't been pestered to death by tourists wanting horses and guides to take them over to the Granddaddies. People come from all over the country to fish in those lakes. I think I can get a Government permit to establish a camp at Mirror Lake and act as an official guide. My record on the grazing commission is good. The thing's sewed up, but I can't do it alone. You'll have to help me, Eileen; you can take parties in, too. And of course, we'll have to have two or three hands to help with the horses."

"Darling," he pleaded, turning to his wife, "won't you come?"

"How can you expect me to? I never heard of such a thing!"

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"It's perfectly true, we'd have only a tent-top and a sheepwagon at the camp. But our house at the ranch is made of split pine; it's a knockout. And we'd only be at the camp about three months, all told. You know, you could learn to ride. But, you'd spend most of your time right at the camp, arranging new parties for those who come while we are in the forest. Jim can go or stay with you, as he's needed. He'll make a first rate camp-boy; he's ten; that's

old enough. Don't you see we don't have to live stupidly! We don't have to accept pity or condescension from anybody! We can run away from people here who would sneer at us, but we won't be trying to run away from ourselves. We couldn't anyway, and I tell you truly, Dadai, I've done nothing we need to run away from. There isn't anything about ourselves we can't live with; and that's a glorious place to be."

"Dad, I think you're idea is mar-

velous. Believe me, I'll stand by you. I've heard other girls at school talk about their fallen fortunes; I'm not the first to leave. Honestly, I don't care. Why, it'll be great to guide tourists through those mountains. Come on, Mother darling, don't cry." Eileen stooped and put her arms around her mother's shoulders. Of the two, the daughter had always done the petting. "Perk up, Mom, show Dad he doesn't know his little woman."



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A TELEGRAM for Mr. Reynolds, Madame," announced Celeste at the door.

"Vanishing Vapor!" The bloodsuckers are trying to take the ranch too!" gasped Tom as he started to pace the room with quick nervous strides. "Can you beat that? Adams and his gang are trying to attach it on the ground that I decided it to Eileen with the intent to defraud. I didn't hold a doggoned thing out on them, and now they accuse me of this. The dirty swine! They've got everything else, but they'll not get a foot of that ranch; it's yours, Eileen."

Eileen's eyes glistened. "How can they doubt you, Dad!"

"I'll facing their doubts in their stupid faces. I'll prove that I made that deed in good faith if it's the last thing I do!"

"And we'll help you, won't we, Mom?" Eileen jumped up and whirled her arm as if she were about to throw a lariat. "Meet a couple o' hoss wranglers, Pop. Cowboy Nell and Old Dorie!"

"Whoopee!" shouted her father. "I knew you'd come through!"

"Old Dorie, well I like that! But I'll help you save that ranch, if it's the last thing I do," said Dadai, resigned.

"What a pal!"

"You'll be ravishing in high-heeled boots and spurs. And you can have my new habit," said Eileen.

"The fish'll make goo-goo eyes at you," Tom ogled his wife.

"It destroys me to think about it, but I'll go West with you if I have to associate with caterpillars!" Dadai pulled a wry face.

"I'm going to tell Jimmie we won't be dudes this summer; we're going commercial!"

Eileen made the stair landing in three leaps. (To Be Continued)

Your Page and Ours

DEAR "Yours":

So well was Mrs. Brandley known and loved throughout the Church, I am sure you will pardon me—the half of "Ours" left for this page—if I devote nearly all of it to loving tributes to her memory. Many have called and telephoned who have not written. Thousands have done neither who will find in these tributes expressions they could have made.—H. R. M.

I KNOW the Era will be full of tributes to Elsie," writes Kathleen B. Nelson, from Salt Lake City, "but if there is a bit of space left, here is mine: I want to remember her as she was at June Conference in the Adult Department—so vibrant, so joyous, so understanding. The keen flash of her eye straightened sluggish spines—her audience relished her words of wit and wisdom. Here was power. I sat consciously trying to analyze her potency and on her own lips I found the key. 'The Glory of God is Intelligence,' she quoted and in that moment I knew that it was intelligence that made Elsie Talmage Brandley glorious."

Remembering Elsie (A Personal Tribute)

I ATE one afternoon nearly twenty years ago, two girls sat side by side in a small classroom at the Brigham Young University. One was a high-school girl, who that day had met a turn of affairs that left her heartsick, bewildered, frightened; the other a brilliant, much-admired young college woman at whose suggestion the two had met in that quiet room.

"I want to talk to you about something," she had said. And when they were seated together, she suddenly put her hand upon the younger girl's shoulder.

"You're worried about something—~~I~~ know it. Please tell me all about it; maybe I could help a little, and I'd love to."

The unexpectedness, and the sweetness, of ~~it~~ taught the troubled one entirely ~~all~~ guard—She burst into tears, and in a moment was sobbing out her woes within the circle of two gentle arms, and receiving words of comfort, affection, and of real practical advice as well; words that changed the complexion of not only that day but of countless other days that followed.

The high-school girl—that was I. That incident was my first really intimate contact with Elsie Talmage, who in that hour became my school girl idol, and for whom every passing year has increased my regard.

To have known Elsie Talmage Brandley is to know, I think, the full and true meaning of the word "womanly." To me it is a beautiful word, implying much—and she was all of it. Before the grief of her passing I bow, with thousands of others who loved her too, inarticulate—only able, humbly, to thank God for the privilege of having known her friendship, and the inspiration of her accomplishments.

Dear Elsie, "until we meet again"—we'll be remembering you.—Mary Hale Woolsey.

Elsie Talmage Brandley

(A Tribute From a Friend Eighty-six Years of Age)

EARTHLY and heavenly gifts will often so entwine Love finds it somewhat difficult a difference to define. Sweetness of generous soul with cheery voice and face, Innocently create at once earthly and heavenly grace. Elsie's delightful character all these and more embrace.

Toward the heavenly goal for which her cherished loved ones strive,

A stronger impulse she, in Heaven, may wield than here alive. Light from celestial sphere, faith strengthened by the same—Mother, wife, daughter, sister—what influence she may claim! And even as a friend unto thousands here below.

Greater help o'er rugged paths her powers increased may show; Enlightening more with heavenly gifts than earth's best have bestowed.

Born to a mission great on earth—fully completed now,
Released to go where heavenly gifts more richly shall endow.
Among the first to hail her there her earthly sire is one—

Near by—O! Shall we not believe? Our God and Christ,
His Son.

Devoted still to Their great cause in your new heavenly sphere,
Loved ones on earth may realize more your helpfulness and cheer.

Yes, with more perfect heavenly gifts, comfort us, Elsie, dear!
—Lula Greene Richards.

Elsie T. Brandley

SHE never knew her life touched mine;
I was but one among the crowds she met
Who listened to her chosen words
And found such thoughts that one
Does not forget.

Nor did she know in lines she wrote
I found a richer life inspiring mine—
That I have laughed and cried with her
And through her insight glimpsed
On the divine.

I scarcely knew her as a friend,
Yet her swift smile and her keen, earnest eyes
Showed me that all of life was good
And in myself I felt

New strength arise.

Now she is dead I must not grieve
But joy to think I was so richly blessed
Though I can never realize
The gifts she brought to those
Who knew her best.

—Lucretia Ashby Arbon.

DEAR Editor:

Aug 8, 1935

With the first shock of Sister Brandley's death over my I hasten to convey to you folks on the magazine my heartfelt sorrow in this great loss. Also in seeing her husband Hal may you include my expression of sorrow along with the many I know you will receive. For Elsie T. Brandley was one of the best known and loved women of the Church, and of course one of the most talented. She gave of herself unsparingly to the cause of the M. I. A. and her record of brilliant service is her most enduring monument.

Her place in the organization and, I am sure, on your staff, will be most difficult to fill. She always had something to say and said it in a forceful, persuasive style. I always felt that paramously Sister Elsie was a poet. Little did she think she would so soon join her illustrious father. But such is life.

Sincerely yours,

C. Frank Steele,

Editor Lethbridge Herald.

Elder Hinckley Remembers His Old Love, the California Mission. — Also, Congratulate the Workers on the Last Year's Era Drive

DEAR Editor:

In checking Church achievements, we hurriedly refer to the accomplishments of those that are dearest to us. I observe California Mission comes through 111% in her quota of Improvement Era subscriptions—just as we had hoped—just as we had expected. A great people under a fine leadership! All honor to Brother and Sister Hanks and those who carried on! This is the fruit of sustained, intelligent, effort. Honor be given to everyone who helped to put it over. Congratulations to all concerned.

Affectionately, your brother,

Alonzo A. Hinckley.

Aug. 6, 1935

Office The Improvement Era, Salt Lake City, Utah.
JUST received our copy The Improvement Era. Words cannot express our appreciation to you for this most wonderful article honoring Samuel.

Laura and Ed.

(Pres. and Mrs. Ed. Brossard, Washington, D. C. Branch.
Mrs. Brossard is a sister to Samuel P. Cowley.

SAFETY



In TRAFFIC, one must be alert to GO when the signal says GO.

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